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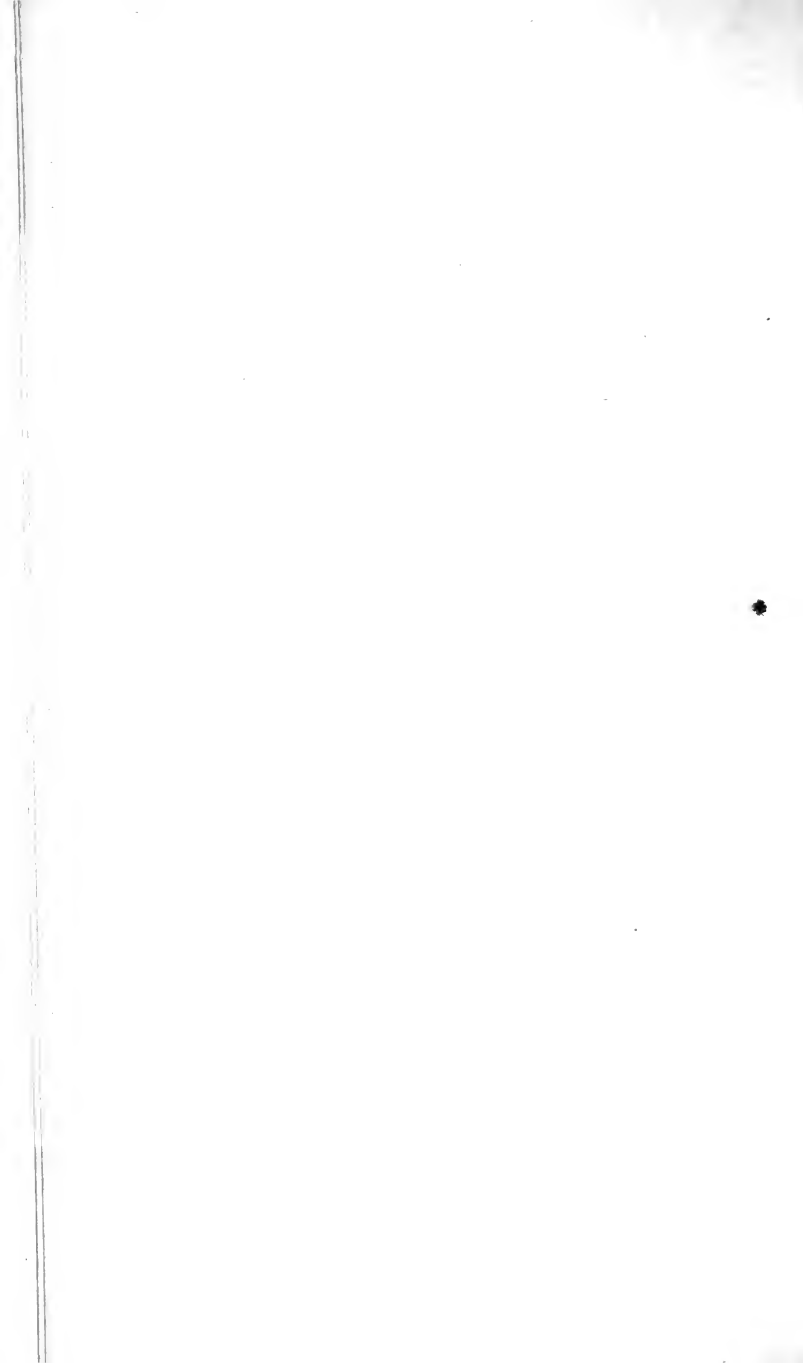
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THE INTERDICT ;

A NOVEL

" Do thou, my soul, the destin'd period wait,
When God shall solve the dark decrees of fate ;
His now unequal dispensations clear,
And make all wise and beautiful appear."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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T. & W. BOONE, 29, NEW BOND STREET.

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THE INTERDICT.

CHAPTER I.

"To converse with a person of mean understanding is as difficult as to travel on foot with a lame man."

FOR some weeks after this eventful day my diary was ill kept. I could not retouch my sketches as I used to do; the gap in my portrait gallery was so heart-rending! it seemed necessary to blot out old impressions and to chain my faculties to the tug and strain of barren speculation, and employment as barren.

The office I had so joyfully accepted as a

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A. Taylor

succedaneum for that of shop-man, I found to be one involving more drudgery than I had, in my dreariest apprehensions, attached to the duties of a dealer. I had commenced my labours gallantly, deriving courage from Helen's example, but in none of the toils of Hercules can I find an apt parallel for my surpassing travail. To clear the head of a Dionysius Bullock would have posed the most consummate hero or philosopher of heathenland, or any other land: the force of a mere stream, applied discreetly, might carry off a wall of matter vast as the Augean heap; but what amount of force could clarify a mind so stolid as my pupil's? I drudged on undismayed for weeks, simplifying, exemplifying, without effect; I could as soon have taught him argument as rudiment, the abstrusest theory as the simplest element; neither I nor Socrates could have shaped him into any thing but a good-natured, drawling, inoffensive dunce.

Monimia was as wearisome, but from a contrary cause; *he* had too few ideas, *she* too many; at least too many 'airy nothings' which stood for ideas; but these not being properly

coerced, were eternally rioting, squabbling, and flitting through her brain in hazy confusion. She was a fine, shewy girl, with very red arms and very red cheeks, the latter dimpled by an incessant giggle which displayed rows of large white teeth ; she was conceited and rather dictatorial, yet endowed with a fair portion of the family good-nature ; the sum total of her accomplishments was prodigious ; she had a smattering of every thing, even of trigonometry. Her mother pronounced her a *rara avis*, and the general voice of her acquaintance confirmed this opinion ; but, like many other rare birds, her notes were less pleasant than her plumage ; they were pitched to the O'Toole ascendancy, and predominated too much in the establishment. Her genius also was never in the back-ground ; indeed, it could not be repressed, her mother said—"true talent *will* break out ;"—it broke on me like a tornado, sweeping off the leisure hours I had predestined for communion with my dear old sages. In the attic apartment aptly assigned for the brother's initiation into attic mysteries, would the sister diurnally beset me with impor-

tunities to correct her verses, strung with remarkable independence of prosody; nay, many times while I was toiling to engraft declension on the memory of Dionysius, would Monimia interpolate between *bona*, *bonum*, her mutilated Iambics. Thus, between the dull bird and the rare bird, did I often sit exhausted of conception, staring from one genius to the other and wondering by what course of transmigration I had arrived there. But the crowning point of bewilderment was to behold the brother, planet-stricken at the sister's progress—"twas too bad, so it was, that while he was struggling to bring out *quod*, Monimia was making lines *as fast as hops*;" I am sure she made them faster much than I could hop. Thus was a really kind-hearted young lady spoiled by the illimitable range of her capacity.

Notwithstanding the *solid* advantages of my situation, I would have preferred to it hard labour at a mill, but for the fellowship of Helen, and the state of our finances, which made the liberal salary attached to the tuition of the Bullocks an object of vital consideration. My uncle had become acutely sensitive of his

obligation to Fielding; on every other point he was, as formerly—persuadable, indulgent, and forbearing; but on this he was impracticable. The idea had fastened on him that he had committed a fraud in becoming security for a sum beyond what he possessed, and no argument could divest him of this notion: he avowed that the solace of his prison hours had been found in his determining, that, whenever the law should set him free, he would work for the liquidation of a part at least of the sum due upon the bond; and now, should it please Heaven to restore his strength, he said, he would seek out some employment, and labour to defray it.—Could he do less for his philanthropic friend than for his less indulgent creditor?

It was in vain we represented Fielding's character and circumstances: he still insisted that the sum which had purchased his enlargement belonged to Fielding's heirs, and could not justly be transferred; he should consider it, simply, as a loan. Thus did this heretofore liberal and clear-minded man, in furtherance of views cherished beyond the extreme limit of

probability, hoard, parsimoniously, the scant savings of our joint earnings, and lament the protracted weakness that prevented his own contribution, heaping up fractions which, unless struck by a fairy-wand, could never swell to the coveted sum.

I believe that Helen, in secret, favored my uncle's sentiments, though her reason demonstrated the futility of his hope; perhaps she thought it soothing to his morbid sense of error that conscientiousness should seek its ends even by means on which the judgment might look coldly; or she made use of this consolatory hope to stimulate him to employ measures for his recovery.

Helen was faithful to her pledge; not even my aunt suspected the sources of that grief which gave her countenance the character of a marble bust; the pale face was perfectly serene; from the day of her sharp trial it seemed as if events no longer disturbed or surprised her; she went on gently in her course; silent, and attracting little notice, but never relaxing in exertion.

A great mind seldom breaks into that tu-

multuous sorrow which passes with the many for a sign of deep emotion ; observers less interested than myself could not have penetrated through Helen's placid seriousness to the workings of genuine feeling, or have inferred that her present mode of life was not her choice. I, indeed, could detect occasional sinkings of the mind, involuntary shudderings, which betrayed a deep-seated canker ; these perturbed indications however gradually decreased ; she saw that I observed her, and a faint smile would spread itself over her face to obliterate my gloom : her mind by a vigorous effort began to convert corroding events into stimulants to moral energy. This gentle creature, this almost child, was, in her purely christian confidence, a stoic more practically patient than was any self-dependent martyr of the sect. To soften their reverses to the objects of her early reverence became a paramount obligation : whether her hours were given to instruction, or spent in midnight vigils, or devoted to the simpler duties of nurse and lecturer, *their* comfort was her aim. Often when faint-heartedness would

creep on me, and I would find myself relapsing into my native indolence, or unstrung by the vexations incidental to my tutorship, Helen's example would revive my courage and my self-control.

Whether she possessed a peculiar talent for imparting knowledge, or that her pupil was less flighty at German than at the classics, certain it is that Helen's instruction produced more fruit than mine ; in fact I became so doubtful of the benefit conferred by my tuition that, from remorse of conscience, I one day hinted to our patroness my inability for the office of preceptor.

"Inability !" echoed Mrs. Bullock, with a look of vehement astonishment, "inability ! you must be joking why : I never saw any one so improved as Dionysius in all my life : just ask Miss McCarthy ; ask Miss O'Toole ; ask any body !—Give up indeed ! you'll do no such thing : do you want to frighten me out of my six senses?—Why Monimia read me a bit of Cicero this morning ! 'tis beautiful ! a second Wellington ! *is* he a Field-marshal ? What a head he has !"

My scruples were unappeased: I stammered something of my pupil's incapacity.

"Pooh, pooh! we don't want you to do miracles; Dionysius is no Cicero we know—but just look at Monimia!"

Still I demurred, wondering at my novel pertinacity.

"I tell you what," said Mrs. Bullock; "if you say another word you'll be the death o' me—I'm very delicate—as to Mr. B. he'll be outrageous: he says you are worth a hundred weight of frog-eaters—there, there; go to your *penetralia* as Monimia calls it; I wish you could come and live with us entirely, and that angel upon earth that's going fast to Heaven I fear."

From sheer want of nerve I submitted, and again vigorously attacked the brain of Dionysius, but no battering-ram could reach what was not there.—Meantime Helen, by a tact I was not master of, was really working wonders: she saw my powers were unequal to illuminate the upper story of my pupil, particularly while my efforts were obstructed by an adjoining nursery of little Bullocks, animals so riotous, unmanage-

able, and fierce, that I had not physical force to remonstrate with them; they seemed created for no other purpose but to make a noise: whenever I was lucky enough (by the occurrence of some accidental pleasure-party) to get rid of the elder Bullocks, the bellowing of these young ones would begin.

I might have withdrawn to my chamber in our lodging, but Monimia had monopolized all my books, and I dared not subtract a single volume; besides, Mr. Bullock often required my epistolary services during shop-hours, and I was the more scrupulous on this point, because in the scale of family ascendancy Mr. B. mostly stood at zero.

It appeared that few in the mansion possessed delicate sense of hearing; habit had reconciled them to a hubbub: when I hinted that our studies were disturbed by the nursery diversions, Mrs. Bullock arched her eye-brows in amaze, appealing to her mate whether Diana, Livia, Julius, and Timotheus, were not the quietest things in Christendom. Monimia however was awakened to the turmoil; she had a tongue and she used it; but the remedy was

worse than the disease, so I bore without fresh murmur my Tantalus position, and the bellowing of the minor Bullocks.

Helen's lecture-room was not so proximate to the theatre of uproar, but she sympathized in my sense of the annoyance and also felt compassion for these ill-governed babes: they reminded her of her little mountain flock, of her sunny days in the old school-room, when "once upon a time" would transform the most riotous into models of attention; the apt tale inculcating some Christian precept would kindle sparks of congenial sentiment, and train the infant listeners to emulate the virtues of her puny heroines. She introduced herself into the nursery, one day, when the natives, worn out with whooping, were ambitious of some novelty to subserve the practice of their iron lungs; they thronged around her with a roar that made me tremble for her safety, persisting with ferocious obstinacy in retaining her their prisoner—But experience had taught Helen how to regulate the springs and wheels of natures more perverse: mental intricacies before unsolvable had been made intelligible by Fielding: she knew that

there were principles and sympathies to which she could, effectively, appeal ; the quiet dignity of her aspect awed the rude, and the sweetness of her address, so opposed to the wrath-exciting menaces of Monimia, arrested the violent : the grosser passions insensibly sank into abeyance ; slumbering impulses were awakened, her dominion in the nursery was imperceptibly established ; she became the self-elected monitress of these neglected children, and the qualms were removed which had afflicted me whenever I thought upon our ill-earned salary.

These young creatures soon illustrated the efficacy of that teaching which is preceded by the study of the subject to be taught ; their progress in acquirement was slow, because their capacities were limited ; but self-conceit was not fostered by applause, nor violence by menace. There was no straining to instruct them in that for which they were unsuited, they were not drilled into pert, precocious epitomes of universal knowledge ; they were submitted to no forcing-machinery of arts and sciences made easy, which, properly interpreted, means perplexing ; religion was not degraded into task-

work, it was infused and imprinted on the heart: they learned to repress their passions and their selfish feelings, to become courteous and compassionate, active and useful; to bend their tempers to the mildness of their teacher's, to practise cheerfully the every-day duties of life, and, unrepiningly, to endure the dictatorship of Monimia. This last, though beyond that plastic season when the infelicities of education might be rectified, and irreparably injured by the early stimulants applied to her love of praise, yet was softened by her intercourse with Helen; her tones were modulated, and her rage for declamation was subdued. Luckily for the little ones, their mother was so impressed with Monimia's superiority of intellect that the upas-juice of flattery was never administered to *them*; their generous impulses were permitted to expand beneath wholesome culture, unassailed by that desecrating influence.

The person next to myself most benefitted by the taming of these petty insurgents, was Quinilla. Whether Slauveen, under whom they had enrolled themselves, had incited them to plague her, or that the children by nature were

prone to annoy, and had a keen scent for those most sensitive to worrying, certain it is that very mischievous pranks were played off upon our cousin ; she had called them “ the torments,” and they were resolved to earn the distinction. Monimia—the *Ægis* of Quinilla—would have repelled open aggression, but the little mutineers were shrewd enough to perceive where most they might provoke. Feathers, caps, trimmings, the choicest varieties of Quinilla’s appointments were found day after day inhumanly crushed : the mischief, after a puzzling investigation was fixed on the “ torments ;” they were punished ; bruising was carried on the more vigorously ; laceration commenced ;—a white bugled petticoat was cruelly mutilated, and a little pet monkey was caught in the fact of rending a tucker ! a real blonde tucker ! The children were fully exculpated ;—The monkey was chained, having bitten Quinilla for beating him, but the very next day, which was also the day of a hop, (*anglicè dance*) was Jocko discovered regaling his vengeance upon an amber crape dress ; the identical dress our cousin had intended to blaze in ! ’twas dreadful !

Dionysius and I were aloft in our Shekinah, digesting a noun, when the matter was spread in an outcry so piercing that, after exchanging a gape of dismay, we rushed to the field of action. Every living item of the household had rushed there before us, with Katy to boot, who had volunteered to run off the jelly. Jocko was the prominent actor ; Quinilla in a frenzy of sensation, had imprudently rescued the dress ; Jack, presto, transferred himself from her trunk to her shoulder : there he sat, "like the *devil* incarnate," said Katy ; his tail coiled tight round Miss O'Toole's throat, his fore-paw stretched out to re-grapple the petticoat, his muzzle poked into the enemy's face that her eyes might enjoy a grin diabolical !—while he and his victim kept up a concert of chatter and shriek so appalling, that poor Mr. Bullock clapped his hands to his ears and flew round the room as if he were horsewhipped, exhorting us all, by gestures affectingly earnest, to strangle the imp. It would seem that the monkey understood these perspicuous signals as being applied to Quinilla ; he tightened his noose : our cousin grew blue in the face ; she

bobbed and she ducked to get rid of him; he reproved her by nipping her ear—the blood trickled down—Mrs. Mulligan whooped—attempts to dislodge him brought on the like barbarous vengeance—coaxing he scorned.

“Give him the garment, ma’am,” roared Mr. Bullock, “’tis only a rag sure.”

“Who unfastened the brute,” said mamma, “was it you, Miss Diana?”

“It might be the king of the gipsies, *ma*,” squeaked little Timotheus.

“Will nobody shoot him?” bawled Katy—“he’ll *curtail* the young ’ooman.”

“You fool,” cried Slauveen, “would you shoot Miss O’Toole?”

“’Tis a desperate business, Sir,” whispered my pupil.

Monimia directed an ominous nod at the nursery group, who lurked in the back-ground blinking at Jocko through tears that were very suspicious.

I had tried to pluck Jack from his tribune: my attempt had been followed by a vigorous contraction of tail, and a spiteful address to the suffering auricle. Quinilla, from affection

or stultification, still hugged the distressed-looking garb: her shrieks were heart-melting. "What cowards you are! can't you throttle the wretch?" cried Dion the elder. 'Twas a cruel alternative: though, tingling remorsefully, my hand was extended to 'cut short the life of poor Jack'—Slauveen slid between us, and, twitching the garment from Quinny, he held it to Jocko. The brute's ruffled crest instantaneously sank; he snatched at the spoil, jumped into a corner, grinned at his trophy vindictively, tossed it from paw to paw, beat it, and bit it; and then, with a look of blended remorse and compassion, laid its mangled remains at the feet of his bleeding antagonist, clucking an epitaph.

There was a terrific pause—Mr. B. looked belligerent, but Jocko's incisors were awful, so he buttoned up his pockets, half clenched his fist and turned himself nimbly back to his shop. Jack now hugging the neck of his crony Slauveen, contented with one hideous gnash at Quinilla, was borne to the kitchen, cooing affectionately his parting compliments.

I considered the mischief irreparable. Qui-

nilla bent Dido-wise over the disconsolate shreds; but matters were righted beyond all expectation. Monimia presented a robe to her friend—real French manufacture! Miss Mc Sweeny fitted it beautifully—the flounce was *shuperb*—and Barry the hairdresser fashioned two love-locks which concealed the disfiguring ear-slit.

Such malversations as these carried on by “the torments,” in conjunction with Jocko, had kept our cousin in ague-fits; sometimes a wreath was embezzled, sometimes a tortoise-shell comb. Katy vowed Miss Quinilla’s beauty was melting, and that Mr. McCarthy would never come out with his offer while she looked such an object from fretting.

The reform effected by Helen was health to our cousin: her moral code contained no intermediate degrees; people were vile or adorable, saints or infernals; we were, now, angels; the house was a heaven upon earth since we entered it! This fervor encreased when she found that Helen gently, but firmly, resisted entreaties to join the dry drums and *hops*. Miss O’Toole I believe felt a twinge of remorse for

her conduct to Marion, and was grateful to us for our silence: she was on her penitentials, and tried to blot out her transgression by benignant eulogia: 'twas surprising such a young thing as that—meaning Helen—should *mew* herself into an attic, and stick to her coal-scuttle bonnet! so prudent! but Helen was always a pattern; and really Watty was wonderful gentlemanlike considering his shabby appearance. What a scholar he was!

CHAPTER II.

Beautiful Lee ! I've seen thee blustering,
Impetuous, and turgid at thy mouth—
But, stealing from the basin of thy birth
Thou seem'st enamoured of tranquillity ;
Contented with a narrow, noiseless track,
Clear imaging the lovely banks which lie
In Eden-like repose—

Thus we lived on, as unknowing and almost as unknown as when we were dwellers of the wilds : we learned nothing of the structure and habits of gay life ; politics were a dead letter ; we could not comprehend the merits of the conflict which in 1815 decided the fate of Europe ; nay, the commonest topics were to us as obscure, as were verbal inflections to Dion ; in the wide range of literature also, I

could recognize only my ancients ; not a ray from modern geniuses reached me.

It was surprising that I had even the wit to suspect the Bullock clique was not so exalted as in days of eld we imagined it ; that the pictures were daubs, and the statues were plaster ; and that the parties which met at *the Vulcan* might not be made up of the Cork aristocracy.

Yet pleasant are ye in reminiscence, ye hops and social rubbers ! ye were tocsins which sounded us a holiday ! during your reign, recitation, declension, rhyming, and invoice, remained at a stand-still. Monimia was engaged in adorning the supper-table ; Quinilla in penning *invites* ; Dionysius in practising *steps* with Miss McCarthy ; the small fry were decoyed to fill flower-jars, and Mr. B. was driven from the epistolary parlour, which during the *dansomania* was appropriated to a snug casino-set.

Thus were Helen and I left for a day, sometimes for two days, free to expand our wings ; these merry-makings always bequeathing such lassitude and such lavish material for chat, that

the drawing-room couches bore the weight of our pupils the whole morning after. How we rejoiced ! from grubs transformed to butterflies !

Summer had set in ; we had found out an unfrequented valley a few miles from the city—westward—near the junction of the Awbeg with the Luvius—the beautiful Lee,

———“ Which like an Island fair
Encloseth Cork with his divided flood,”

This was our haunt ; we felt a gush of our old joyousness when, having traversed the *fragrant* bye-lanes, the dyke, and salmon-weir which intervened, we would find ourselves free of the world upon the river's bank, tracing its blue vein upwards. The limit of our walk was a wood somewhat precipitous ; into this we would climb and sometimes read, but oftener bring back olden times with sad discourses of the glen, the ruin, the sheeling, our Granny and Marion. The ragged walls of an old castle on the opposite bank conjured up the startling traditionary tales which used to form our winter evening's banquet ; sullen and lonely, the deso-

late fabric seemed fitting habitation for the robber *genius loci* who, it was reported, once haunted it.

Thus in our *Desert-mount*, with no one to observe us but the cowboy and muscle-gatherer, would we efface the sordid images of city-life by winning back melancholy yet welcome recollections. We lived again our childish years, forgot the present, and sometimes dared to glance at what the future might admit us to—not this life's future; that was a sealed book which (had we the authority) nothing would have tempted us to unclose.—Here, too, we read our letters, often brought unopened to this solitary resting-place. Fielding's were addressed to me, Marion's to Helen—the former made us glad and mournful, that such a friend was ours, and that we were separated.

Fielding said little of himself, nothing of his father, from which omission I drew an obvious inference; but the spirit of unabated interest for us, was manifest in every line: there was no distinct address to Helen; her name was scarcely mentioned; and yet the most elaborate outpouring of tenderness could not so

vividly have revealed the depth and excess of his attachment.

Marion's communications were satisfactory, although they proved that Fielding's implied doubt of Lord Dellival's extreme danger did not inculcate, wrongfully, our noble brother. She informed us that letters had met them on their route which had assured Lord Sanford of his brother's convalescence : in consequence he had deferred visiting castle Dellival until they had accomplished a tour which he had long contemplated for her improvement.—“ My heart is in the glen,” said Marion, “ but my husband is so kind that it would seem captious to dissent ; I must learn to act the marchioness, he says ; he will introduce me bye and bye to a model in his sister-in-law—Can she equal Madame Wallenberg ; if I must be a fine Lady I would rather imitate the Baroness than any other ; but I feel I can be nobody but Marion.”

This letter bore the Dover post-mark—a second was addressed to us from France, a third from Italy ; all harping upon home, but apparently conceived in a more contented spirit—She would have such wonders to relate

when we should meet again—she had visited the birth-place of some of Walter's heroes—Lord Sanford was bent on taking her to Greece; she would invoke Socrates' *familiar*, and adjure him to visit the glen; her Irish *familiars*, would be *so proud of his acquaintance*; she bade us fancy her on the heights of the Acropolis, and she would fancy us reading her letter beneath the alder-trees—She was collecting antiques for the castle museum; and pictures and busts of Walter's hoary friends: she would bring home a plan of the Parthenon and of all the unsanctified temples. "Where are you reading this letter," she asked "on the headland? on Fairy-mount? Lord Sanford says it is vain to expect one from you, while we pilgrimize thus—How I long for one! how I wish that this tour were over, and this visit to Dellival. Does Granny talk much of me? I dream of nothing but home and should envy you all but for love of you."

Thus did Marion's guileless confidence picture us in the glen: her letters were under covers directed by his Lordship, who it was clear took no pains to correct her mistake. I believe that he little cared where we were, and that his

address, "post-office Cork," was hap-hazard. The envelope indeed of Marion's last letter contained a few lines in which he expressed a desire to serve us, wished Helen would join her sister &c. ; but hinted discreetly, that until Lady Sanford should be able to give us some definite date it would be useless to write to her. He hoped in some months to be settled at Delli-val, or at his own seat in Herts, or in London. I admired the off-hand coolness with which he cancelled his promises ; in truth I should have been astonished, only, by their observance ; such light deviations were every day lapses it would be vulgar to blush at : candor and sympathy were common-place terms in usage with common-place people, when they got up a pitiful tale.

On our return from these rambles my aunt and uncle would be found seated as we had left them ;—she stitching away as alertly as ever—their conversation, though apparently earnest, was always suspended when we entered : sometimes we overheard a straggling word—a name which made our hearts bound.—Next to news of Marion they rejoiced at news of Fielding—

“That man singly,” said my uncle—“subverts the outcry against poor human-nature.” They considered his abrupt departure had been planned, simply to avoid acknowledgments. My aunt would frequently ask Helen whether any of her high-flown heroes had ever displayed generosity so matter-of-fact as Mr. Fielding’s; so unselfish; he was no harum-scarum, hot-headed, enthusiast, that would run his neck into a noose for love; he was a man *good* for the *sake of goodness*, like Fitzgerald.

My uncle would sadly wave his head in disavowal, and fall into a reverie, which usually ended with a declaration that he was beginning to feel strong enough for some employment; when my aunt would nimbly digress to matters totally irrelevant; now descanting on the silence of Madame Wallenberg, now wondering whether the Baron had been at logger-heads with his old foes, the French, at Waterloo; now dilating upon the bravery of Theodore, whose *début* in Flanders had conferred on him the glory and the scars he coveted.

Cork boasted no itinerant postman; when my avocations permitted, I went myself to the

office, but oftener made use of little Phil, who was ever hovering between the Vulcan and Mrs. Green's, full primed to worry pigs and apple-women, to run of errands for a copper, or to spare his crony, Breesthough, by going through the business of turn-spit. He was employed as 'special runner ; for Slauveen, (acting scrub and shoe-black in the morning, gentleman usher at noon, butler at dinner, and waiter in the evening, besides being pork curator, groom to Lanty Maw, and occasional driver of the jaunting car,) could not be expected to perform *properly* the office of envoy.—“ Little Nabbs moreover has a thousand legs to relieve each other, and would find his way to the world's end and farther without a sign-post” said Mrs. Mulligan ; “ he's like the wind, every where at once.”

One day, a gala-day, I set out for the post-office and reached it panting from my speed ; for, since the *day of the exchange*, I was shy of traversing the frequented streets, flinching at sight of old women behind apple-stalls—“ There's no letter for you,” said the man, turning hastily to some more worshipful interroga-

tor—I walked back disconsolate : at the top of Castle-street near the memorable *'change* I espied Phil, huckstering with my old crone to win a fifth kerry-pippin for his half-penny. “Ye got a letter did ye?” said the boy—I shook my head, hastening off for fear of an attack from my Pomona: “Why didn’t ye send *I*; I’s always lucky,” vociferated Phil.

Helen met me prepared for news and a ramble; my moody look drove back the flush of hope which had lighted up her features; we began our walk dejectedly, but, before we reached the weir, a barking, shouting, and hallowing behind us, drew our attention; it was Phil flourishing a letter, and followed by Breesthough pekeering for joy at having evaded the wheel.

“I saw ye looked glum,” said the boy, “so I galloped to post-office corner, and bothered the man at the shutter-hole till he cocked his *right* eye on this letter—he often skips over *um*—just tell us! be *that* from the Englisher?”

I nodded.

“Hoorraw,” shouted Phil, “long life to your letters Misther Fielding Sir; come Breesthough—Molly Green have a duck to roast.—”

“How did you know where to find us?” said Helen.

“I know’d it,” said Phil, with a wink; “I see’d you stuck under the bushes one morning when I was a stickin’ the muscles beyont; heir mouths are wide open to day, ’tis so sunny—but we havn’t time for a thrust at um—the duck must be done—come Breesthough my buck.”

When arrived at the wood I opened Fielding’s letter; it began with the usual cautions against over toil, and insinuated a suspicion, deduced from my own communications that our position in the Bullock family was irksome—if we would look on him as one made wealthy for the purpose of dispensing wealth, we might return to our home and seek higher, because more extensive usefulness, in ameliorating the condition of our neglected mountaineers.

“We must not think of it,” said Helen quickly, “we must not think of it.”

The letter proceeded in a lighter strain—“You will hear of me soon from a friend of mine—Miss Berrington—or, as she is styled in literary chronicle, Fanny Berrington—she is

bent on a flitting to Ireland, a flitting extraordinary, for she purposes, in one little month, to fill a port-folio with inklings of Erin; to translate its Oghums, to study its social economy; to pilfer a few of its Legends, (the wilder the better,) and glean histrionical anecdotes, bulls, and sanctology. In short she resolves to unmistify Ireland with a wave of her feather, and to put it in luminous type, set off with illustrations and glossary.—She is dubious as yet in what shape to exhibit her gleanings—in tragedy—comedy—manners and customs—in romance or in earnest—prosy or poesie. You must see her—I entreat you will. She passes through Cork, with all of *haut-ton* curiosi, errati, literati, &c., that she can enlist. Do not let her caprices dismay you; there is a mine of true ore beneath a tinfoil surface—she knows your address and will announce her arrival.”

I lifted my eyes in astonishment; Helen's were fixed on a gushing wood-rill with a look of deep thoughtfulness. “’Tis the oddest injunction,” said I—“the very oddest—what can I have to do with this erratic genius, a second

Monimia—one is enough—it is the strangest injunction !”

Helen seemed tracing the progress of the rill over a moss-bank.

“ Were it Lord Sanford who heralded in *his* flighty way this flighty young lady—but Fielding ! ’tis quite inconceivable !” I felt harassed and added in a tone of vexation, “ What *can* it mean ? pray Helen speak to me.”

“ You must see this Miss Berrington, Walter.”

“ Must I,” said I, half ashamed of the fright which sent the hot blood to my face.

“ You *must* see her,” Helen repeated, without raising her eyes from the bank.

“ A learned lady too,” I exclaimed, with increasing repugnance ; “ drugged with Latin and doggrel perhaps ; a missy, inoculated with *cacoethes scribendi* ; a literary lady !”

“ It is for that very reason I wish you to see her.”

“ For that reason ! You comprehend then the motive which induced—”

“ I do not ; but the circumstance of Miss Berrington being a literary person strikes me

as propitious to a project I have long revolved."

"A project!"

"For extricating my uncle," resumed Helen:
"it was planned while he was under arrest."

I was too much amazed to apostrophize.

Helen mused for awhile, and then turned to me with the air of preparation which used to usher in a long story. "One evening," she began; "it was during your illness and Marion's unhappy—" she paused, looked at me earnestly, and shook her head, as if unable to proceed: but the weakness was momentary—"we were seated, my aunt, Mr. Fielding, and I, round the fire, silent and anxious, for we had left Marion in the first calm sleep that had visited her since—since her derangement. Grace watched her. Mr. Fielding, usually so self-possessed, on this evening was dreadfully agitated; he thought the crisis at hand; we dared not look round, each fearing to meet the eye of the other. Thus we sat for a time—such a time!—At last the door slowly opened and Marion entered; I could not have been more startled by her ghost: she drew the little stool, which she used to call hers when a child, to my

feet, laid her head on my lap and said, 'Now Helen begin, I like best that German tale Madame Wallenberg was so fond of; now Helen.'

"She nestled her sweet head closer, sighing contentedly; I began with a faltering voice; it was the first time she had recognised any one for many a sad week. Tears were near choking me; by degrees I breathed freely; my story went on—'Tis beautiful isn't it aunt?" said Marion.—'Very beautiful indeed,' sobbed my poor aunt, who had been observant of nothing but her darling. I proceeded until I came to the point at which I was accustomed to break off. 'Tis bed-hour now,' said Marion, 'good night aunt, good night.' "From that evening we date her recovery; the next and the next, she would ask for a story."

Helen paused, but quickly resumed. "It was Mr. Fielding's remark on my simple tales which kindled a hope I nursed fondly for many months afterwards: indeed with the exception of one fleeting interval I have never lost sight of it. The remark was made playfully. 'Your vivid fancy,' he said, 'might serve for that

hidden elixir philosophers dreamed of so long : it might transmute into gold your traditional lore ; will you publish your fictions ?"—There was evidently no serious meaning attached to these words, yet they haunted me—Gold ! Gold would effect my uncle's release ! Quinilla, in her amplifying way, had often expatiated on the *oceans of wealth* acquired by book-making, hinting that she had some notion of trying her fortune in London that way—Ireland was a poor place for talent, she said. I heeded her little at the time, and now I recall her extravagant statements with cautious abatement—still I might effect something—Oh, Walter, fancy the joy, the ecstasy, of lightening the care which bows down my poor uncle !—I *have* written—my story is finished, but until now I despaired. There was nobody here to advise with ; how could I get to London, or who would aid me, if there, to dispose of my book."

The idea of liquidating thousands by writing a book, was monstrous to my crude conceptions. I could not resolve the paradox—I, who had hitherto looked upon literature as the sublime relaxation of gifted, unsordid minds, to

find it degraded to minor speculations; made venal!—a matter of traffic!—it oppressed me. Then again the idea of deliverance from debt and the attic elated me: my veneration for letters, and my aversion from teaching them, caused a war of sensations. To write for other than the grand aim of advancing human knowledge, to be incited thereto by a stimulus less pure than the promptings of philanthropic, self-conscious genius—how humbling! But then to write oneself out of a prison and into a livelihood!

“Will a book do all this?” I ejaculated, “one book, Helen!”

“I don’t know,” replied Helen, “but if one sell, another may; I can write again and again. Mr. Fielding would not have praised indiscreetly; he said, I could make my hearers at home wherever I carried them.”

“Did you ever give him a hint of your project?” said I.

“Yes,” she replied, stifling a sigh; “on the day which promised us a life of sunshine. I had just finished my manuscript when you entered my chamber—you remember—the

table was strown with the efforts of my happy labour—it *was* happy Walter; I felt a strangely pleasurable excitement which shortened the hours I spent at it—Mr. Fielding I thought would assist me in making it profitable; even your mournful aspect did not wholly extinguish the joy I felt. When satisfied by *his* assurances that nothing distressing had happened, and finding him silent, I took courage and abruptly disclosed my little scheme—It was then that—You know the rest.”

I wished to interrupt the course of her thoughts, and enquired what expectations she had founded on her authorship.

“I have heard of extraordinary sums,” she replied, “but these were doubtless the rewards of extraordinary genius: if I can release you from drudgery, Walter, and see you look healthier, and find I could earn a subsistence for all of us by teaching and writing—if I could effect even this—she burst into tears—I should not feel so acutely perhaps that we are poor outcasts.”

It was the only time she had reverted to my calamitous disclosure since she had herself in-

terdicted the subject. Some corroding idea must have caused this unusual ebullition. A feeling of forlornness took hold of me—Yes, we were outcasts—this was the abiding grief; all others were but wayfarers! I leaned my head against the tree which shaded us, and burst into complaint. Helen's emotion was instantly suppressed; without attempting to calm me, she led me back to her new scheme, which, if successful, she remarked, would put us in possession of that tranquil retirement we panted for. By degrees she unfolded a vista of comfort—the arrival of Miss Berrington would smooth difficulties she had considered insurmountable. I suggested the advantage of *her* seeing the erudite lady, but Helen shrank from this—there was, I thought, something more in her repugnance than the mere disinclination she expressed to revealing her authorship; so I promised, reluctantly, to see this Miss Berrington; during our walk home we talked over, or brooded on, this important speculation.

CHAPTER III.

Not to be unhappy is unhappynesse ;
And miserie not t'have known miserie :
For the best way unto discretion is
The way that leads us by adversitie.

Daniel.

I looked forward to the announcement of our new *rara avis* with the apprehension one feels at the approach of the operator who is about to relieve one from pain by extracting a tooth. The following letter from Lord Sanford diverted the course of our anxieties.

GENEVA.

“ DEAR WALTER.

“ We were on our route homeward when obliged to halt here. Lady Sanford, it is

apprehended, will soon become a mother—prematurely. You may imagine my alarm, for I had hoped to reach England before her *accouchement*. Her physicians peremptorily insist on our awaiting the event where we are ; but she is desponding, restless, hysterical, and beseeches me to take her *home*. I would give millions that I had acceded to her request before : now it is impossible. Will you and Helen write to her?—I entreat you will—instantly—she has such excitable fancies—persists that her uncle is dead : write her a quieting letter—from the glen—you understand. The life of this child is so very important—my brother may feel annoyed at my marriage—the birth of an heir would conciliate matters.

“ By a letter from Fielding I have learned that you are all well : but Lady Sanford will not believe it ; she has the best medical aid procurable here ; still I am in mortal apprehension. A son would crown the family hopes, and pave the way for Lady Sanford’s reception—my marriage is as yet unavowed—pray write promptly—you shall hear from me when I can speak decisively.”

This letter excited a tumult of fears, but Marion was the exclusive object of *our* anxieties. We cared nothing for the disappointment of the family hopes, and little, in comparison with hers, for the life of his lordship's representative. I read the characteristic epistle again and again, and every time with encreased perturbation.

“ Medical aid !” exclaimed Helen. “ Alas ! one familiar voice, one face of happy days, would be a cordial more salutary to that pining spirit than medicine. Think of her so timid, so affectionate, turning her poor eyes on cold-looking strangers ! His child !—his family !—annoyed !—what a term !”

Our letters, without touching on dangerous particulars, conveyed the most persuasive assurances that my uncle was better than when she left him. I took them to the post, pondering the while, on the feasibility of journeying, myself, to Geneva. We discussed the matter seriously during our vigil of that night ; but obstacles sprung up, one after another, so serious, that with bitter regret I determined to await the event of a second letter ; it was essential to keep back, for awhile, the contents of this. My

uncle's constitution was so much impaired, that we considered a certainty, however sorrowful, would try it less than suspense. We saw him only at meals, for we could not control our feverish impatience, and every moment we could abstract from our pupils was devoted to rumination on what the morrow might bring.

A week rolled away—another—at last I held a letter post-marked 'Geneva.' It announced, exultingly, the birth of the future Marquis Dellival and the safety of Marion.

We flew to my aunt; she thanked God, but without exultation—"Go children, go," she said, "I must break this to Fitzgerald myself." We joined them at dinner; they were abstracted and silent, and rather promoted our leaving them early; when we returned two hours afterwards the hum of their voices, in low consultation, reached us as we passed to our chambers.

Until we received Lord Sanford's alarming letter the image which night-long had haunted my pillow, since Fielding's announcement, was a moon-eyed hobgoblin, ticketed "Miss Berrington;" wielding a lexicon and a Latin grammar; and now that my tremors for Marion

were over, my fancy, in feverish sleep, engendered again the form of the literary maid. I was nightly beset : it rehearsed and declaimed ; it flung rhymes at me ; I tried to exorcise the chattering witch, to wheedle her into divorce—to no purpose—she was worse than Monimia.

Meantime the Bullock diversions proceeded ; dances,—though we bordered on the dog-days—concerts, tea-parties, either at home or at Sunday's Well—a pretty hamlet of the suburbs which boasted a banqueting-house memorable in the festive days of old Cork.

Dionysius had got to '*Nubes*,' and there he stuck ; his intellect had performed its march ; the art of man could not impel him forward. Quadrilles were just then imported : *dos-à-dos* and *demie queue de chat* kept him *in nubibus* ; when I thought him considering *a case*, it was *chaine des dames* he was considering ; this was made evident by some unconscious interjection " Hang that figure 'twould puzzle the Danes."

One sunny morning, as I was arranging the *fag* of the day, and trying to combat a nausea induced at sight of the thumb-worn grammar, my pupil made a *chassée en avant* into the attic,

trolling a French tune. He forced me to pirouette by a seizure of my hands and a sudden whirl round—this amazed me extremely, for hitherto he had been undeviatingly respectful; the source of his elation lay in the definitive arrangement of a party that had been planned the night before, but left pendent on the weather. The Bullocks, with the *élite* of their acquaintance, were to breakfast at Sunday's Well. "Lots of fun all the morning," said Dion, poizing himself gracefully, "and a finish-up at home in the evening; the McCarthys are asked, and the Whelpleys; Miss Hinch, Tommy Short and the Miss Moriartys: come with us can't you Mr. Fitzgerald? It murders one's fun, it does, to see you and your sister.—Ah can't you come with us why?"

"Dionysius why! why Dionysius," screamed Quinilla; "the Hurleys are here, and Miss Hinch; 'tis near eight—the hot cake will be cold; bring a penny for the ferry-man—hasten will you? we must go round by Broad-lane to call Mr. McCarthy."

"Go, go," said I, apprehending an approach,

“Come can’t you then,” drawled the good-natured youth, “ah can’t you come now?”

“Dionysius why!”

“Going,” cried Dion, snatching up a diagram scrawled on a blank leaf of Ainsworth, which he had abstracted to embody ‘ladies’ chain’ upon.

There was a mirthful commingling of voices, an incessant yelp from that old plague pug; screaming ‘good morrows,’ from new comers, a clatter down stairs, and a slam of the door which agitated the bellows of Vulcan.

Silence—celestial silence, hail! thou art pleasant even in an attic.

Not a cat seemed astir—I looked round contentedly—The day was inviting—so were my hoar companions—I chucked the grammar into a desk and took down Phædon. Love of reading how loveable art thou! a sponge to wipe off the registered scores of old care; all other loves harass—but thou!—thou art the curer of minds! shedding balm on the fester, extracting the gall!

Helen’s entrance drew me from the death bed of Socrates.—“The children are gone too,”

said she, "they were unwilling, so I promised them a story to night ; we have time for a walk ; how ill you look Walter !"

"Shall we go to the post-office first?" said I.

"Phil promised to wait for our letters ; we may trust him," said Helen. She took up my hat : a slight flush suffused her face as she tried to shape it to its original mould : the bent and rusty beaver well justified the epithet 'shabby' which Quinilla had applied to my appearance—" 'Tis in keeping with my pepper and salt," said I, glancing at my thread-bare coat ; "the livery of a poor scholar Helen."

"No matter," replied Helen, sighing profoundly, "no matter ; I shall take a pride in seeing you dressed like a gentleman if—but pray do not be sanguine."

There was a tap at the door. "Are you here?" said Slauveen, thrusting in his unpowdered head, which preluded that his company tone was put off. "Just take Miss Helen a turn on the Mall Sir : 'twill transport you to see the strange carriages going from Macdowel's to Blarney—bates the jaunting car into a truckle—I see um last night drivin' mad through the

town after scourin' through Dublin and Wicklow: 'tis from Lunnon they come, with such droves o' tormentors!"

"Tourists," said I, tingling as if galvanized.

"How frightened you look," said Slauveen, "'tisn't ogurs they are—they won't ate you—do you want to make monks o' yourself an' Miss Helen?—Where's the ould times Sir?—when Miss Marion went away half the fun o' the world went with her!"

"Not *your* fun Slauveen," said Helen, "*your* merry days are set in."

Slauveen looked hard at her. "I never thought that you could offend me, Miss Helen; 'tis long before *thim* that's gone would aggravate me that way—do you think I like *now* better than the time that I used to carry Miss Marion about on my shoulder; God forgive you, Miss! 'tisn't *thim* that snivels that dies o' grief—I haven't time to be braking my heart; Miss Quinny takes good care o' that."

An unconscious sob burst from Helen. I was aware of our follower's mutable temper so I struck the mirthful key by enquiring what

our cousin's commissions for the evening's revel might be.

"Commissions! you're right, Sir, she gives more than the king; how many do you think she bestowed on ourself this *sultry* morning?—Reckon um, will ye?—Her false curls, her frill, her silk stockings, her feathers; to Barry's for combs and the pinching tongs, black hair pins and white pins; two yards o' pink ribbon; two ounces o' bugles; a penn'orth o' gum, three quarters o' quilling, a bit o' court plaster for beauty spots; a stand behind; to the clear-starcher's—scold her—the book-muslin petticoat was made up too limber; to borrow Miss Dogherty's ear-bobs—"

The count became tedious; I enquired whether he had seen Philly Nabbs.

"My head to an onion she have nabbed him to go for her turban, Sir; she'd sack and bag forty Slauveen's; wasn't it delightful to see Jocko a paying his dues to her!"

Helen looked grave.

"Well, Miss Helen, the saints needn't grudge us our joke—What keeps us alive but a laugh?—Have you any commands for my

mother, Miss? I'm going to see her—she's pining. But for Lanty an' the rest o' you I'd never come back."

"Grace is quite well," said Helen eagerly, "I heard from her yesterday—she makes no complaint."

Slauveen drew himself up. "Grace Mc Quillan never complains Miss—but I know her—the thorn's in her heart—who sits in her chimney? who hears her old stories? sad thoughts, sad thoughts!"

The conversation was again verging to a dangerous point: I put on my hat.

"That my old master's servant should see the young Geraldine in such a *caubogue*!" said Slauveen, "I could look at you once and not be ashamed of you Sir—but now!" he turned abruptly and quitted the room.

"I will read here, until you return," said Helen, wiping her eyes. "Phil loiters—pray go."

To avoid *paraders* my chosen route to the post-office was by a circumbendibus through back streets, bye lanes and other insertions; but impelled by the fates, or by instinctive mis-

givings associated with the *Lunnon tormentors*, I this day crossed the parade; and turned into George's street at the corner of which then stood the fashionable Hotel. Motley groups of beggars and idlers, as dispersing after sight of a rarée-shew, intercepted my way. Opposite the door of the Hotel, like a post, stood Phil Nabbs, clutching a band-box, and gaping at a thing of his own shape and size, in boots and a fanciful livery, who was leaning against the stair-baluster, and tossing a bit of paper up and down in a hat encircled with a glittering band. Poor Phil never had a hat, and might have been moralizing on the caprices of fortune, which had lavished gew-gaws on one child and left the other just *not* naked.

"Philip;" said I.

"There's no letter," said Phil, cunningly evading the reprimand: "my knot came undone just as the coaches come up—all off for Blarney—a shower o' company!—But won't you help me to tie up the band-box? 'tis a *turbot*! 'tis Miss Quinny's."

In trying to assist the child I awkwardly let go the string, and the turban fell into the

street. Phil screamed, "*Mulyare!* millia murder! Miss Quinny! we're ruined! Oyeh! Oyeh! Oyeh!" The liveried jackanapes laughed: a window flew up—I thought twenty echoes repeated the laugh, and hastily turned on my steps, pursued by Phil with the band-box.

"That grinnin *boohleen*, is behind us," said Phil; "shall I *hot* him a thump?"

"Pray direct me to the Main-street," quoth the booted affair advancing.

"May be we will wid a hook," replied Phil, "'tis a long street you're looking for, wid stone jugs* at both ends of it—who may you want there? one Neddy Nabbs is it?"

"A Mr. Fitzgerald."

"Are you blind then?" cried Phil—"don't you see him before you?"

The boy dubiously eyed me, twirling a note.

"*Erra* then is that the way you use *our* letters," said Phil, snapping the paper; "to be playing pitch an' toss wid um! what call have you wid *our* letters at all at all you left handed *Kitthogue!*"

* Jails.

He threw down the band-box and with a gladiatorial flourish made a run at Boots, who ran away.

The note was directed to 'Walter Fitzgerald Esquire, Mrs. Green's, South Main-street.'

"Miss Berrington arrived at Macdowel's Hotel last night, and leaves Cork to-morrow ; she has a letter for Mr. Fitzgerald which she has been requested to deliver in person. Miss Berrington has promised to join an exploring party after noon, therefore she hopes that Mr. Fitzgerald will favor her with an early call."

"If I do not see her at once," thought I, "I shall not have courage to see her at all." I retraced my way to George's-street, involuntarily re-iterating, "Miss Berrington arrived at Macdowel's last night."

I ascended the steps of the Hotel just as a splendid equipage emblazoned with a coronet drove up ; I slunk into a corner—a lady elegantly attired stepped out of the carriage ; a person whom I judged to be the master of the Hotel obsequiously accosted her, hoping no accident had occurred, "One of the horses restive—

nothing more," was the reply. She passed up stairs addressing a few words to a servant in attendance.

"Can that be Miss Berrington," thought I—"she is more stately than volatile."

I had instinctively ensconced myself behind the hall-door, looking eagerly for some one who might introduce me. Turmoil was rife—the 'shower o' company' had mustered all hands: servants of both sexes ran to and fro, jostling and squabbling; not one seemed inclined to be civil: a battalion of beggars surrounded the door, discharging a volley compounded of blessings and threats, and bad luck to *yez*; the clatter of bells was incessant, the roaring for waiters.

"Can I see Miss Berrington?" said I, arresting a man with a tray full of glasses, and displaying my note as a mark of authority.

"Stand out of the way my good lad," said the man, turning briskly up stairs, "a petition to shew! with twenty five dinners to serve! good luck to your larning."

This was a home-cut, I felt a vehement propensity to leave. At last a chub-footed, merry-

faced girl came out with a pail the contents of which she threatened to hurl at the mendicant army. "'Tisn't in your good-looking sowl to swindle the *dissolute*," croaked a limping virago who led the besiegers; two ragged-haired, hunger-pinched urchins squealing from a blanket that was strung on her back, "make her hansom our hand *wid* a tinpenny beauty; blind Mawria legged off wid our share o' the last."

"Can I see Miss Berrington?" said I, submissively addressing the 'beauty,' who had planted her bucket just in my way.

"Why you poor sickly-looking show!" said the girl, "'twould be rale charity to do *you* a good turn—you'll be having more head's than hats soon! follow me up," she added, whispering and winking—"but never tell no one 'twas I that carried you to her—Now," she cried pushing me with a force of muscle I could not resist into a spacious apartment, "coax what you can out of her."

The lady I had before seen was walking up and down the room, she stopped suddenly at the ungente jarring of the door. My injection had been so forcible and unexpected that I had

not presence of mind to uncover my head or apologize ; nor was my confidence restored by the cold, enquiring eye she turned on me. I had expected smiles and loquacity, and instead of accounting for the frigid air of the lady by the *manner* of my own unannounced entrance, I felt it as designed to repel me. The interrogatory look became painful."

"Madam," I stammered at last," I have come according to your request."

"Ah ! true, true," interrupted the lady ; "*you* are the person then"—she continued her *promenade* leaving me to stand, and to fill up the break. Her lofty and distant demeanour piqued me into self-possession, I took off my hat and assumed an air of indifference, resolving that she should be the next speaker. She sat down, drew a table with writing materials towards her ; her pen moved rapidly for a minute or two, then was suspended, while she addressed me without deigning to turn her regards from the paper.

"I intend to leave my servants and equipage here, and I wish to know, honestly, if there be

danger in travelling alone—at least under your *sole* protection ; I am told you are trust-worthy : my route lies, I believe, through the wildest tracts of this country—are the natives peaceable?—you look young—I expected to see an older person.”

She delivered this extraordinary speech slowly ; pausing at intervals to continue her notes : thus I had opportunity to survey at leisure, the proposer of a scheme which set all my profound conjectures at fault. She was a handsome woman, very handsome, but of more years than I had adjudged to Miss Berrington. The cast of her features was marked and decided, but not prepossessing. Madame Wallenberg’s grandly moulded face was softened by a graciousness shining out to encourage the humble ; but here, the expression was of a cold, resolute, self-enclosed character, which no one could coax into affection or cheat into shedding a tear ; thus much I inferred from the aspect of the lady ; even the roll of her large, dark eyes, and the slowly measured words expressed haughty intrepidity ; her accent was singularly

guttural, and her intonation harsh. She had thrown off her bonnet when she began to write, and braids of jet-black hair wreathed round her head, added to the imposing stamp of her features.

The strangeness of the proposal implied in her speech, had not impeded the minuteness of my inspection ; on the contrary I was excited to the utmost stretch of observation by surprise. Fielding was not a man to jest : what end was to be answered by my becoming the fellow tourist of this imperious-looking dame ? no more like the Miss Berrington of my nightly phantasmagoria than I to Ajax.

“ You think the adventure too perilous,” she resumed, turning full her Judith eyes upon me — “ Be sincere—are the western roads passable ? I can endure inconvenience—rough ways will not deter me—fatigue is nothing, if you are faithful I will reward you handsomely.”

A cloudy suspicion of some mistake began to arise. “ You are Miss Berrington madam.”

“ *Miss Berrington !*” she repeated with a slight contraction of her awful brows ; “ I am the Marchioness Dellival.”

The blood rushed to my face : it seemed as if surprise had thrown her off her guard : she colored and turned from me impatiently ; *I* felt as little inclination to prolong the interview ; with a bow and a stammered apology I left the room.

CHAPTER IV.

A graceful foolerie,
A fair *cajolerie*,
And hurtless drollerie.

"WHAT did you get?" whispered my delusive conductress, who was lying *perdue* in the passage; "we go halves you know."

"I enquired for Miss Berrington," said I peevishly, "that is not the lady."

"Come along," said the girl, "there's only one more: she may be a Miss or a Madam; the rest are off for a fling. There—try your luck there."

I was now on my guard, and resisted the

effort she made at a *shove*, by rooting myself outside the door she had conducted me to. "Announce Mr. Fitzgerald," said I.

She measured me with a humorous twinkle, giggling out "Misther!" and unceremoniously pushed in the door. "One Fitzgerald here, come to wait on you Ma'am."

"Pray shew him up," said a voice.

"Put on your hat," said my guide, nodding sagaciously, "you look twice as pitiful wid it. Shake like a bog, an' she'll b'lieve you."

My late ordeal had nerved me; the voice I had just overheard was soft and harmonious—I entered—Miss Berrington was looking out of a window, and, perhaps, not expecting so quick an approach, continued to look. Something seemed to amuse her—she laughed—I hemmed, and a face, more *piquant* than handsome, was turned towards me. I bowed.

"Mr. Fitzgerald?" said she, in a tone of enquiry. I bowed again.

"Pray be seated," said Miss Berrington, approaching me with a frankness and ease, in my mind, identified with perfect good-breeding; "pray be seated." This was repeated, and en-

forced by a lively and impatient gesture, although the lady herself remained standing.

I presented a chair—she drew it near mine, and addressed me in a tone of familiar pleasantry.

“I was rather afraid of my billet, for my messenger-moth is, like his mistress, new in the land—but—yes!—surely you entered some time ago!—I saw you when our *chaperon*’s carriage drove up—you have not been waiting since then?”

I gave a hurried account of the accident which had, literally, *thrown* me into the presence of Lady Dellival.

“Exquisite!” said Miss Berrington, “it will serve for an anecdote. Write it—do—I’ll put it in my book—the turban prologue shall usher it in?”

Without the least *apparent* consciousness that I was a party concerned, she related the disaster of the band-box with such inimitable humour, that, although smarting at being shewn off in caricature, I could not help laughing.

“Had you seen the *dénoué* you must have

expended, as I did, the laughter of weeks," she continued; "perhaps you did; the *scena* took place but a short time before Lady Dellival's carriage returned."

This was said in a tone of seemingly genuine artlessness, yet there was a peering, malicious curve in the vivacious eye, whose side glance I caught, that confounded me; without pausing for reply she went on.

"I had an appointment which I wished to keep secret, so I would not enquire her Ladyship's reason for deserting our sight-seeing party to Blarney—it would have betrayed that I, also, was a seceder. But how do you like her? I mean our superb *bella donna*, you think her enchanting."

"Forbidding," said I, "the impression she made on me was singularly unpleasant."—Perhaps Lady Dellival's relationship to Lord Sanford had as much share, as her *hauteur* to myself, in the asperity of this remark, for candor might have found an excuse for her reserve in my 'shabby appearance.' I thought I detected a dimpling satisfaction in Miss Berrington's countenance,

“Do *you* mean *Hippocrene* when you say *Hippocrass*,” said she, archly. “Forbidding ! unpleasant ! the gem of our galaxy ! the luminous centre ! She plays the first *role* ; when *I* said *Bella donna*, *I* did not *intend* deadly nightshade ; pray correct *your* erratum.”

“You may *note* it a blunder,” said I, insensibly animated to retort her badinage ; “but it is a blunder in taste ; the words were quite true to the thought.”

“Her deportment *is* magisterial perhaps,” said Miss Berrington, “but then the effect is sublime ; she awes one into believing she has a right to predominate : her reign has been long : humility may creep into fashion bye and bye, or sleek plausibility. No matter the alloy of the metal, provided this stamp be impressed—‘ ’tis the fashion’—Should hairbrainism obtain *I* have a chance. Lady Dellival and I are at antipodes ; but there are bodies you know which combine most intimately when their particles are in a state of antagonism—such odd bodies are I and the Marchioness ; she tolerates Fanny Berrington’s flights ; I indite a ballad to her ladyship’s eye-brow.”

Though wondering that my audience did not come to a windup by the delivery of Fielding's letter, yet I willingly pursued the discussion of Lady Dellival, anxious to determine whether I had inferred correctly of a person who would probably, in a great degree, influence the future life of Marion.

"The Marchioness *might* have mistaken me for a post-boy," said I; "still even in addressing inferiors there is an amenity, a complaisance, which I know to be coincident with high-breeding; *she* seems to disdain—"

"There *you* are mistaken," interrupted Miss Berrington; "the suavity you commend she has no savour of: were you a Marshal or a Muleteer her demeanour would have been equally unbending, although the style might have varied somewhat. In this loftiness lies the *prestige* of her sway; inaccessible to concession as to opposition, what she *wills* to do, she *will* do, careless of aid or hostility, sufficient to herself, or, if not sufficient, satisfied to fall; she should have been the wife of our modern Attila."

"What a revolting character!"

“ Another mistake,” said Miss Berrington ; “ the *élite* of our glazed-paper circles copy her ; this monument-like look, is the fashion ; the graces are fettered ; the pretty *capricios* are ground by her chariot-wheels ; the frolic, the jest, all the merry expansions of social life, have died long ago of neglect ; laughter had drowned himself but that I hooked him out and keep him *in petto*. Times will change—there must be re-action, and then very likely—for fashion is not fashion unless in extremes—‘ grin and grimace’ will preponderate—But you are *distract*—you are thinking of,”—She paused.

“ Of the singular power,” I replied, “ which attracts to each other such very dissimilar bodies.”

“ As I and the Marchioness ? oh ! I am sublime in her presence ; a cloud-soaring *Improvisatrice* ; never chop words or ellipsify—can’t, won’t, don’t, wouldn’t suit her ; what would become of the frangible vase if struck by the solid Corinthian ?—We are friends as I told you before from our very antipathies ; I was formed of the essence of froth vivified by some chance sun-beam—she was first cast in flint,

and though outwardly softened for human collision, the verve of her primary substance remains."

"A frigid companion," said I.

"As cold as Mont Blanc and more lofty," rejoined Miss Berrington. "But she leaves us; for a week at least; we are beginning to unfetter the pent up *capricios*; I have already given laughter a peep into day-light: we must bury him when she comes back. But *I* think she'll be murdered."

"Murdered!"

"'Tis probable—very—she journeys *incog* to visit some savage recluses far west—she'll be murdered—I dote on a murder!—don't *you*? such food for petrific romance—the title 'A tale of horror founded upon fact!'"

I had been longing for an opportunity to bring in Helen's manuscript; but not being prompt, I lost the advantage.

"Do *you* think the Marchioness stands a *fair* chance of being murdered Mr. Fitzgerald? Are the 'White boys' and 'Right boys' in vocation at present? Have the conscript banditti of Buonaparte joined them?"

I had so little knowledge of the grand political reverses which had for some time engrossed the public mind, that I simply repeated the only familiar word in her last question—"Conscript!"

"Not *Fathers* but *Fusileers*," pursued Miss Berrington; "shooting through a hedge, (a ditch as you call it) shooting at poor Lady Dellival—picture the scene—'Notes for first chapter. Night—moon, dim and watery—clouds murky—a narrow pass between mountains steep and savage, with awful chasms, and strange and sudden windings—thunder—a carriage drawn by panic-stricken horses slowly wends through the ravine—the postilion scowls upwards, his ferocious eye revealing him a party in the impending horror—a whistle heard—the echoes take it up, and ring a peal of whistles—lightning—the carriage is arrested by a rock—the Marchioness puts her head out of the window, and, in a lofty tone, bids the post-boy drive on—the moon retires, the rock will *not* recede—pikes gleam blue, in the blue lightning's flash—awful interval! a band of Shanavests, *sans* shoes and *chose à manger*, swoop

into the pass—‘Miscreants!’ cries the Marchioness, ‘murder me aristocratically!’ A bullet whizzes—she dies without a scream!—Lord Dellival puts on mourning and marries within a month!—Will it do?”

I was forced into a laugh. “Provided you make *yourself* the successor of the luckless heroine.”

“And Marchioness of Dellival,” she promptly added. “What invention you possess; *I* should never have thought of such a ‘*finis*’—a *nez retroussé* succeeding to majestic aquiline!”

“Is Lord Dellival as stately as his wife?” said I.

“He was; but grief has bowed him—nothing can bow her—He has buried two sons and they were all his children—his health is broken—to see the branches of the family tree propped gallantly, is all he lives for—A brother is now heir presumptive, and he has married some beautiful nobody.”

I started, and looked at her earnestly, but she was evidently uninformed of my connexion with Lord Sanford.

“This circumstance,” pursued Miss Berring-

ton, " obstructs the brilliant climax you contemplated for me. The two *nobodies* might clash ; for, although I make a noise, yet I am nobody. Lord Sanford's marriage will form, however, a stirring intercalary chapter for my tale of horror ; its announcement was delightfully alarming."

" Indeed," said I.

" Yes ; as member of the literary Exclusives Lady Dellival thinks me worth propitiating ; we are sometimes *fast* intimates ; I was sitting *en boudoir* with her, one morning, and discoursing of my contemplated Irish flitting—to the which I was rather incited by Fielding—when the tidings came, wrapped in superfine envelope—Sanford is politic— among the ciphers he knew the *absolute unit*, and so addressed confession to his *belle-sœur*—it was tardy, for his lapse had taken place some months before ; but this delay of its confession involved another *ruse*, as you will discover in the sequel—Ah ! I have lost the thread—where was I ?"

" In the boudoir."

" True ; the letter is unfolded ; to human eye her ladyship's mental mercury had never

moved one jot above the freezing point till now : when *her* face changes 'tis an augury of earthquake or eclipse. She did more than turn from pale to red, from red to white ;—she fainted !—I thought the letter had secreted some murderous detonator, so I screamed ‘ fire, fire !’ rang for a troop of femmes de chambre, and flew to his lordship, holding the written mischiefs gingerly, for fear of being blown up. My Lord behaved *en philosophe*, fumed a little in rich asthmatic, digressed to heritor and heritrix, and wrote a prosy lecture. But mark the strategy of Sanford—almost upon the heels of the fulminating epistle came a bulletin, in the Buonapartean style, announcing the birth of a greater babe than the little king of Rome, the destined bearer of quarterings traceable to *real* crowned heads.

“ The Marquis hemmed off a fierce catarrh, smoothed his ruffles, and wrote forthwith to signify a pardon, subjoining a pressing invitation to his town-house—we were then at castle Dellival. But the Marchioness, instead of hastening to welcome the poor stranger, complains of palpitations ! hysteria ! hypochondria !

and volunteers to join my *hocus pocus* party, which had been long enlisted for the land of *alibis*. We were hunting for a *chaperon*, but never thought of such a one—I suspect she does not like a rival near the throne, and undertook this gratuitous protectorship merely to practise the shake of her autocratic sceptre over us, callow younglings, and thus bring her hand in, for ‘the Sanford.’ Now comes her journey to the savage west, and next, in order, comes the murder—a lucky chance for tourists—I’ll change names and dates and work it up into a legend—Are you fond of legends?”

Here was another opening for the manuscript, and one as obvious as if designed. I tried to detach my thoughts from Marion’s new connections, and to enter on the main object of my visit; but my ideas were embroiled. I could not methodize the introduction, so I made a stammering attempt to develope my early admiration of legends—I had been induced—not I, indeed, but another person—to write—a tale—the manuscript was in my possession—and circumstances—reverses—beneficial—profitable—perhaps I had been misinform-

ed—expectations—hopes.—Thus I proceeded coughing, blundering, and blushing; if I was intelligible something independent of my tongue had made me so.

That Miss Berrington should fill up my gaps with the aptest words, and comprehend my puzzled meaning most exactly, was marvellously fortunate; before I had half got through the fog of explanation unexplained, she interrupted me.

“I understand—perfectly—you mean to publish—so do I—suppose we harness donkeys and run together—I have cleared the course already, and can warn you of quicksands—Let us be partners—*will* you?”

Her tone was earnest, but her look was so arch and comical that I half suspected she was laughing at me.

“Come—decide.—shall we unite?—form a *belle alliance*—share profit and rebuff—the brunt of criticism, the awful sentence of reviews and magazines?”

The more perplexed I looked, the more she rattled.

“You seem alarmed: you never heard of

such ordeals—you think reviews are only destined for a drill of Tipperary boys, and magazines merely for stores of gunpowder—there you hit the mark—they all conduce to blowing brains out.

She had led me quite beyond my depth—“The writer of this manuscript,” said I, struggling to get back to shallow waters”—

“Good,” she exclaimed ; “you are not such a tyro as I thought ; all great unknowns speak of themselves in the third person—Still you have much to learn in authorship—’tis the unsafest ship—you’ll founder without me.”

“I meant to supplicate your aid,” said I.

“But I won’t be *internuncio*,” said Miss Berrington, “I like to be a principal ; bring me the manuscript ; I’ll write notes and preface, and slip in a ‘mother Hubbard’ of my own—we’ll share the profits *honestly*—You don’t doubt me, do you ?”

“Doubt you Madam !”

“Then leave it all to me—How shall we bring it out ?—‘Tales by two interesting young people ;’—perhaps you covet all the glory—and the grief—are you invulnerable ? the critics’

shaft may find a permeable heel—'tis Ossian speaks of the joy of grief isn't it? Ah! Ossian never felt the lash of a Reviewer—that grief has no joy!"

"The critics' shaft," repeated I, striving to clarify a hazy conception of her meaning—"Homer had his critics—and Isocrates—Aristarchus cavilled at—"

"To be sure," ejaculated Miss Berrington, with a slight convulsion of the chest, as if she were laughing inwardly; "and we have modern Aristarchs for modern geniuses—an Areopagus of philanthropic Galenists, self-constituted to check a dangerous endemic. Book-mania rages furiously—not book-reading—but book-writing. In shape of rabid animal it runs through the multitude, miscellaneous in attack—bites literate and illiterate—prince and shoe-maker—no muzzle can coerce the brute—'for ten inspired, ten thousand are posset'—and unless the critic's caustic were applied, the virus would engender volumes whose weight might overcome the sun's attraction. Fancy our unlucky globe yielding to the Bathos, and ponderous tomes collapsing all around us! Yet this salu-

tary caustic makes one wince—blisters rarely till you are used to it—you had better let me stand the first pinch.”

“But do your critics deal with all alike?” said I.

“You are a *real* innocent,” said Miss Berrington, fixing her inscrutable eyes upon me. “In the first place some scribblers are not worth powder and shot ; in the next, who would feel the inward smart if all were meted equally? When wrinkles and gray hairs steal on us, we bear the visitation gracefully, for no one is exempted, save by death, another universal and impartial law ; but picture to yourself a bevy of senile damsels afflicted with furrows, rheum, and baldness, while other belles of the same standing flutter before them, with speckless orbs, luxuriant tresses and cheeks of roses—*sans* wrinkle or crow’s foot—wouldn’t it gall a saint?”

“It is possible then, that the writer of this manuscript *may* find grace,” said I.

“*Possible*—yes—your weak points will be seared however. Groundlings quiver and give up—the brave go on, but they go on improving—some are fools enough to bluster—they only

draw upon themselves cantharides. You may be of this *genus irritabile*—I am tough as Plattoff—‘bear and forbear’ is my motto—give me the Legend—I’ll be Mother Goose and change it to a golden egg.”

This was exactly what I had been hoping for ; yet I felt a proud twinge at finding my poverty guessed at—“Would it be honorable,” said I, “to expose you to—”

“The birch !—quite honorable—I may come in for comfits—Suppose our literary magnates waft ambrosia in a nod—suppose we harmonize with the changeful hues of public taste ! say no more ; our *Brays shall* run together—if one reach the winning post what matter if the other bolt.—My tale is not yet written, but I have it in my head. Should it suit our pieces to be dove-tailed I’ll do it neatly, and make *you* the hero—will that content you ?”

“A halting hero,” I observed, half amused, half piqued ; “most unsuited for a race-course.”

She blushed as if memory twitted her, but instantly recovered.—

“Your lameness—’tis nothing, or, if any thing, a grace—Witness the great men who im-

mortalize and have immortalized a blemish. Scott lame—Byron lame—Alexander had a crooked neck—Demosthenes, he stuttered—had not Cato a high shoulder that was hidden by the draping of his toga? Such slight deformity is nothing—merely individualizes, adds a striking feature to the aspect—There's our concrete genius, poet, novelist, orator and statesman—he would give his eyes to limp a little *naturally*—he's too well made—could he but manage a slight fracture 'twould make his fortune; but the puzzle is to break the joint in an interesting way—to make it touching."

Her digression to my ancients had rendered me oblivious; my thoughts had flown in a tangent to Persepolis.—"You mention Scott and Byron with the hero Alexander," I observed, "my memory is treacherous—were they of Macedon, did they combat at the Granicus?"

She blinked and peered at me—"Macedon! the Granicus! have you been exploded from the primary formation to confute geologists by proving that animals existed in their inorganic stratum. Not hear of Walter Scott, whose name will live when Alexander's is forgotten.

Exorcisist of ‘one-handed Monks,’ ‘Bleeding nuns,’ and all the rabble host of fiction, I burned half my delectable brochures when I read that gem of fancy—should others follow my example. Scott may prove a *double* of the Saracen incendiary who furnished book-fuel for four thousand baths—What! you a tale-writer and not know ‘Waverly!’

“A new author,” said I, hardly knowing what I said.

“Pish! a new novel,” replied Miss Berrington; “he who has hope of literary fame should ‘turn the page’ before he ‘guide the pen’ should

“Leave to the fribble and the fool
To scorn the seasoning of the school—
Be first a critic, then—”

an author if you will—The advice contained in these dictations is beyond all price—You *must* have read ‘Familiar epistles?’

“Trajan’s to Pliny?” stammered I.

She treated me to a look, which said as plainly as any thing could say, “what a noodle!”

I felt as angry as disconcerted—“Miss Berrington,” said I, rising, “I have told you that

CHAPTER V.

Will you Ma'am come and drink *tay*?

Fal lal la la ladadee

All in the family way—

Fal lal la la ladadee.

Old Song.

“ I AM positive it is *my* insect,” said Miss Berrington, “ I recognize the *hum*. Papilio ! Papilio !”

Little Boots entered—half of him at least, the other half was in the gripe of Phil, who suffered himself however to be dragged into the presence by degrees.

“ What is it ?” cried Miss Berrington ;
“ what bur has fastened on you ?”

Papilio, reddening and spluttering, labored to bring out evidence; Phil, at sight of a lady, relaxed his hold, scraped his foot, and bobbed genteelly—"I knowed it," he ejaculated, facing Boots with a flourish of his fist; "I knowed *himself* was here—didn't I spy you all the way down Tuckey-street, comin' up the steps here Sir, an hour ago? That jim-crack kept denyin' me, but I thumped it out of him.—There! *hould* your tongue, poor little thing," he added, demurely clapping his hand upon the mouth of Boots. "Don't shew your ign'rance, sure no one *understand* you!"

"Your valet, I presume," said Miss Berrington.

I was nearly as irate as Boots. "What do you want?" said I.

"'Tisn't *I* want you, sure; 'tis Miss Quinny," retorted Phil; "she's home from Sunday's Well—tearin' mad wid both of us; the turbot's lost!"

"That gorgeous head-dress!" exclaimed Miss Berrington, clasping her hands—"lost!"

"For good an' all!" said Phil. "Sure *I* hadn't a hand in it! Miss Kelaher, the milliner,

wanted to twig the *morul* of it just for Mrs. Horrigan ; I took a short cut through the fish market—the string unties—the band-box comes in two—the turbot tumbles out—Peg Plaice the clea-boy* claps it on her head an' roons away wid it !”

“ Horrible,” cried Miss Berrington, “ most horrible !”

“ Miss Quinny said so too Ma’am ; she flew right round an’ round the room for rage.”

“ Stand there one moment till I pencil you,” said Miss Berrington taking up a note-book ; “ what’s your name child ?”

“ Philly Nabbs sure.”

“ Nabbs ! capital ! I *do* so wish to draw your likeness.”

“ Lanty can draw any thing,” said Phil.

“ And who is Lanty ?”

“ The masther’s horse, the misthisses horse, Miss Quinny’s horse.”

“ A joint-stock nag !—And who is Miss Quinny ?”

“ The one that wears the spangles sure—the

* Cleave-boy—market boy.

ould one—she's comin' here—it slipped out o' me, *unknownst*, that Master Walter had a hand in tyin' up the bandbox;—' I'll make him pay for it,' siz she,—lookin' fit to be tied herself,—' where is he then,' siz she, ' the ninny !' ' He went into Macdowel's an hour ago,' siz I, ' but I suppose he's gone again,' siz I—Haith here she be !”

Phil slipped behind Papilio. Quinilla's voice, in shrill soprano, sent a chill panic through my frame; my sometime guide was marshalling the way—“ Thank'ee my good girl, *that'll do*,” said Quinny—“ Why then Watty Sir, what in the wide world made you”—She was now inside the door.

“ I thank you for the honor of this visit,” said Miss Berrington, smilingly approaching our cousin; “ pray who have I the honor of addressing ?”

“ Miss O'Toole Ma'am,” said Quinilla, curt-sying in the most prepossessing style, and looking sweetly—“ I'm sure I beg a thousand pardons—Helen told me, Walter, that probably you were with a friend of Mr. Fielding's, but I'm sure I had no notion—very much *obleeged*

indeed Ma'am—Foreign manners after all are so *sh*uperior.”—This was said as if intended for a whisper.

She took the chair Miss Berrington presented—I could as soon have moved mount Athos as myself—Quinilla meantime hemmed and winked, and winked and hemmed; at last I understood her, and introduced Miss Berrington, who made her compliments with the epigrammatic ease of Sanford.

“One always finds oneself at home in good society, Walter,” said Quinilla, in another audible whisper; “What a *very* nice young ooman!”

“You look fatigued,” said Miss Berrington, “Papilio!” she nodded. Boots withdrew, Phil sticking to his girdle.

“Only the morning’s recreation,” replied our cousin—“We breakfasted at Sunday’s Well, and had a little hop—I dare say I look quite a figure!”

“A figure one would not willingly forget,” said Miss Berrington.

Quinilla simpered, surveying amicably her nankin boots fronted with green leather.

“Pray Miss Berrington do you make any

stay in the city? My friends the Bullocks would be delighted to hire a lodging for you if you don't *shoot* yourself; they keep a jaunting-car—you'd like a drive upon the Glenmire road, or round the ring, or may be you'd wish to see the wax-work; Miss *Cordy* stabbing *Maraw* is fine—*very* fine!"

Excuses were made graciously by Miss Berrington—She had promised to join her fellow-tourists after noon—They left Cork to-morrow.

Papilio entered with refreshments; Miss Berrington whispered to her page, and poured out wine.

"How attentive!" said Quinilla, jogging me; "I'm sure *I* never witnessed such attention—what an air of style!" She sipped her wine: discreetly poking out her little finger, which displayed a ring of *real mock*.

"I suppose Miss Berrington you are going to see Blarney; there's a famous kissing stone, stood a siege by Cromwell—and the ovens; there's a factory for making paper table-cloths! and Dunsecombe's wood, an elegant thing—and Carrigrohan Castle, built by the Phenicians—I have all the city lions at my fingers' ends you

see.— You ought to stay another day or two. There's Cove, and Spike—Cork harbour, next to Naples—The new barracks, beautiful! but the water's bad—Passage is a very pretty place, we had lodgings there one summer, and balls upon the beach—Monkstown too, a religious edifice—Astley's circus is shut up, but the theatre in George's street is open—Young's sweet in Hamlet! I have a passion for the stage; and a talent for it too, my brother says."

"I thought so," said Miss Berrington gravely; "your lineaments are of the Kemble tournure—Genius has always a distinctive trait."

Quinilla wriggled with delight. "I thought I looked quite shockingly this morning for"—A lucky chime broke off the explanation—"Bless me! two o'clock! and I hurried home from Sunday's Well o' purpose to recruit myself for the hop to-night. But such agreeable company—quite in my own way—Come Watty love."

After a profusion of farewells she was departing, followed by bewildered me, when a sudden thought arrested her. She turned to Miss Berrington with a supplicating smirk—

“Two months ago he was not dead,” replied Miss Berrington, musing, “I have not seen him since my visit to Castle Dellival—therefore his letter bears a lazy date.”

“Not dead,” I repeated, “he is not, I hope, in danger?”

“Only of being canonized”—she replied ;—a scuffle outside the door broke off our conversation.

gaping after Quinilla, who hopped down the steps and frisked across the Mall, waving her feathers playfully for me to follow—her hat that day was French, tapering like a fir-cone. I lingered to escape her and to observe Lady Dellival, who was descending the staircase, while a servant let down the step of a post-chaise which stood at the door. The Marchioness tottered on the ill-constructed step, and I instinctively sprang to support her ; she grasped my arm—I assisted her into the vehicle and presented a handkerchief that had fallen on the pavement. Imagine my consternation—she threw me a shilling ! I think I should have flung it back, but in a moment it was caught up and popped between the teeth of ‘ Beauty,’ who had dodged me closely.

My heart swelled : I never before had felt an access of real fury. After lavishing the bitterest reproaches on Phil, who had been in no way accessory to this indignity, I slunk home, and stole up to my attic : vexation had given me head-ache ; and for exhaustion of my ill-humour I minuted my conversation with Miss Berrington.

I had finished when Helen put in her enquiring face, with an eager, "Well Walter?" I pointed to the diary—she read it rapidly, ejaculating at intervals—"How fortunate!—about to publish—what! coming here this evening!"

She laid down the journal, and stood for some time lost in thought—I was too moody to disturb her.

"Is she very fascinating?" enquired Helen at last.

"Fielding may think her fascinating Helen—I don't—I wish he had not forced me to this visit—I never felt so humbled in my life."

"Humbled!" repeated Helen, trying to smile, though her tears were fast gathering—" 'Tis a false shame that oppresses you—what have we to do with pride?—we are poor, and those we love are poor—Is it humbling to give them comfort? to struggle for independence?"

Her mild upbraiding look turned my indignation against myself; I requested her to prepare the manuscript, and promised to present it to Miss Berrington.

Quinilla's description of the London lady had quickened the pulses of the family : the turban, after one truly affecting apostrophe, was forgotten—curiosity was rife, and exhilaration overflowed at the prospect of transfixing the Whelpleys and Doghertys with the sight of a *real* Englishwoman. The intended dry drum—which suggested merely cake and wine—expanded into a *petit souper*—So many 'poor dear souls,' would be affronted if they were not invited, that every soul they knew was invited, "except one poor thing," said Dionysius, "who is so *dreadful* ungenteel!" Mrs. Bullock tramped up and down the stairs, jingling her keys, beseeching Mr. B. to make punch, to go to market, and to send his wig to Barry's to be dressed; he looked "so like a Goth!"

Helen was requested to give up the children—there were so many picture-dusters wanted—the statues on the landing looked abominable—Minerva's nose was ruined—little Timotheus had a knack at cobbling plaster-work. "The lustres too would like a *lick*," said Katy, who was always sent for in cases of extremity;

directress of the more recondite confections.

Slauveen stole up to us, to hint that his official functions would upset a common mind. Suppers were much more serious than dry drums; Mrs. Bullock would fall into convulsions unless there were a dish for every guest; he was to forage for sheeps' tongues, spiced beef, collared pig, and other interesting solids. The Vulcan kitchen-range could *accommodate* only a couple o' ducks, so Mrs. Green's *accommodated* a couple o' chickens, and Breesthough, luckless brute! was cheated of his evening gambol with Phil Nabbs, and chucked into the dog-wheel.

But heads spun round as well as spits, the wildest dance was sliding into fashion; *valtz*, Monimia called it. Mrs. Bullock called it whirligig—The mere thought of it induced vertigo: poor Mr. B. used to purse his lips, and ask suspiciously, whether it might be virtuous.

This dizzying roundelay was now in practice; alternating with *queue de chat*, and other fantastic evolutions. The efforts Dion made were

feverish ; he *would* perform with Monimia just one round in the attic to regale me—"Clever creature !" sighed our cousin, as she surveyed her whirling friend. "What a pity she can't manage '*Spirits* of my sainted sire !' "

At length the hour drew near which the household in solemn synod had decided was proper for my embassy ; Helen had brushed my coat, refreshed my waistcoat, and forced my hat from some of its deformities ; I hid the manuscript in my vest, and with throbbing heart awaited orders.

"Now Watty," said Quinilla, flourishing full dressed into my attic ; "the room is filling ; you may go ; there's that old show Miss Hinch in a green gauze bandeau and a green poplin gown, with her face as red as a brick, just like a setting sun in a shrubbery ; such a fright !"

CHAPTER VI.

Affabilitie is of wounderfull efficacye in procuring love..... Where a man is facile or easy to be spoken unto...where a man speaketh courteysly, with a sweet speach or countenance; whereby the hearers (as it were with a delicate odour) be refreshed and allured to love him, in whome is thys most delectable qualitie.

Sir T. Elyot.

MISS BERRINGTON received me in the same frank, lively manner as before; thanked me for the manuscript as if I had conferred a signal favour; gave me Fielding's letter, and rallied me on my unnational inhospitality. "But for the band-box adventure I should not have made acquaintance with your family," she observed.

My excuse was given readily and even with elation—I was only tutor in the Bullock family.

“How lucky !” said Miss Berrington—
“We can then discuss them unreservedly—
The O’Toole surpasses hope—what a variety for my social classes.”

“She is the sister of a person I revere,” said I.

“Should that detract from the admiration she inspires?—I was longing for such a *speciment* (as our guide of Glendalough expresses it) of unadulterated ore. I have met with as fine gentlemen and high-bred ladies in Ireland, as in any land—the aristocratic airs of every country verge to a common centre—but education disguises your grand aboriginal qualities, brings you to the monotonous level of other educated people ; state apartments and court fustian, savor of the hum-drum—I want to peep into the *corps de logis*, to catch a view of the superb grotesque—are all the *animali parlanti* genuine?—are they all of the same racy quality ?”

“The Bullocks are a worthy family,” said I,

“though not perhaps of that high-breeding which would suit the intimates of Lady Dellival.”

“Thank Heaven!—I am sick of the grand reception-tone, and long to hear the tone of nature.”

“Then you must journey to the ‘savage west,’ ” said I.

“And so I will, and make acquaintance with your Boors and Brehons—But first I’ll go with you to my appointment—my carriage waits—my *chaussure* is not quite pedestrian.”

I had not before remarked that the fashion of her dress was changed, though conscious that something had embellished her—It might be that the discarding of the ‘gipsy hat’ had given to view a fine broad forehead, from which the hair was drawn completely, and fastened back *en Cléopâtre*. I thought upon Quinilla’s triple tier of bows, and gauze, and drooping lilacs, surmounting little ringlets of baked hair, resembling the screw-like shavings dangling from a summer fire-place. The head before me was set off, only, by that exquisite good taste which suits the *coiffure* to the style of feature.

"Now," said Miss Berrington, when we were seated in a handsome travelling chariot, "*revenons a nos boeufs*"—the Bullocks—give me a hint of their collective attributes, their aggregate demeanour."

I shook my head somewhat rebukefully.

"Ho! I understand. They must be sifted separately—they have nothing distinctive as a tribe—then let us go back to Quinny—what delightful *abbreviature*! I have a tenderness for contractions and diminutives myself—they domesticate—lead people from the *grand pas* of ceremony to the light pace of friendly intercourse: but she outdoes me; I never should have thought of familiarizing into *Watty*, the thrilling name of Walter—a name associated with splendid deeds, with Marmion and the Minstrel—But I forgot—you scorn the *epopée* of modern era."

"Circumstances formed my taste," said I, "nor will I call them unpropitious—my ignorance of modern literature as of artificial customs may be pardoned, on the plea of absolute seclusion even from my infancy. A few months

back I was a dweller of the ‘savage west’ where”
—The carriage stopped.

“What a pity,” ejaculated Miss Berrington, “I began to feel so interested ! Is there a crypt in that cyclopean edifice where I may hear the rest ?”

We were opposite the Vulcan—the hall-door flew wide, and Slauveen, with a strut no fugleman could excel, ushered us up stairs. Miss Berrington’s lynx eyes were active ; even the patching of Minerva’s nose did not escape her—I bowed when we reached the landing, and wished her a good evening. “What ! enter a ‘drawing-room *sans cavalier* !” she exclaimed, linking my arm with hers—not I indeed !”

There was no time for remonstrance—Slauveen twitched away my hat : the hum of many voices broke upon me ; we were announced sonorously, and I found myself, in thread-bare habit and stout *high-lows*, advancing up a room tapestried with living figures, an elegant young woman leaning on my arm.

In a moment we were hemmed in by the Bullocks and Quinilla.—

“Dionysius why, a *cheer*!—a *cheer* why Dionysius”—Five chairs were pushed against Miss Berrington—She released me, and I slid into a place which a good natured little lady in sky blue drapery, made for me, by drawing closer to her neighbour—I need not have been so frightened—nobody was looking at me.

For some time I heard nothing, I saw nothing distinctly—day-light was not yet excluded—the setting sun poured his blinding rays into the room; there was a flashing and hurtling of forms and sounds and colors. To recover my senses I closed my eyes—The first object they opened on, was Mr. Bullock presented by Quinilla and bowing to his English guest—The little gentleman had never looked so spruce and lively; his grey eyes twinkled fervently; his queue, ‘small by degrees and beautifully less,’ dangled to his waist; his bright copper buckles glittered like the bellows’ nose that shone outside the window; his broad-skirted coat (a satire on the scanty skirts of the younger Dionysius) was an oil and mustard mixture, adorned with buttons huge as those our glen-boys brought from Ballygobbin. Beside him

stood a statelier form, draped in ruby velvet—what a cap she wore!

“And this is Mrs. Bullock,” said Quinilla, her verbal efforts combating a joyous giggle; “and here’s Monimia.” Monimia, in despite of bugles and gold bands, looked handsome. “Dionysius! where *are* you Dionysius?”

“Why here I’m here,” cried Dion, sinking his head and suffering his chin gently to touch his ample chitterling.

“And here’s Timotheus too,” said Quinny. “The other children are too young—Timotheus is as good a waiter as Patricius—hold up your head Timotheus, turn out your toes Sir—”

Miss Berrington received *the introduced* with a pleased and earnest notice which made each think himself appreciated—How captivating is affability! that tone of interest and complaisance which flatters us into self-approval and, whether sincere or not, possesses an indescribable charm when addressed to us by those we look upon as our superiors—The dignified reserve of Madame Wallenberg was revolting to our cousin—the high-bred German lady was disgusted with frivolities—the high-bred Eng-

lish lady (for with all her eccentricities Miss Berrington bore the stamp distinctive of high-breeding) was delighted with every novelty of character how farcical soever: she received the strenuous civilities of Miss O'Toole with untired complacency, disguising her incidental satire with the mask of compliment. In proportion therefore, as the Baroness had been censured by our cousin was Miss Berrington extolled. Monimia, Dion, and Mrs. Bullock joined in these loudly whispered plaudits; Dion indeed declared, upon his word an' honor she beat Miss McCarthy hollow.

"Miss McCarthy!" exclaimed Mr. B.—bowing politely as his lady sneezed, "Miss McCarthy! pooh!"

Monimia now suggested it would be friendly to introduce the *company*—every one was anxious for some mark of notice from the cynosure; and so Miss McCarthy, Mr. McCarthy, the three Miss Dogherty's, Master Dicky Dogherty the two Miss Moriartys, their papa, Miss Hinch, five Mr. Hurleys, a troop of Raffertys, a regiment of Riordans, and four old ladies and one old gentleman—destined for the snug

cassino-set and cutter-in of the little room behind the shop—were each presented in rotation ; last of all was handed up my blushing neighbour, wreathed in roses, and looking like a little fat Arcadian Shepherdess embellishing a frontispiece—Miss Philly Horrigan—I thought it my bounden duty, as Miss Philly had been so civil, to march along with her, hoping some lucky chance would clear a passage to the door ; but Miss Berrington maliciously nodded me into a chair beside her. I was longing to read Fielding's letter but dared not disobey, for her raillery, though disguised to others, was played off, openly, on me.

"What, still in the clouds with Aristophanes !" she exclaimed—"I have been observing you."

"Aristophanes !" said Dion, "don't you mean *nubes* ? I'm in that—'tis plaguy hard !"

"On Mr.Fitzgerald," added MissBerrington.

"Not at all," said Dion, "Mr. Fitzgerald can read Latin as fast as you read English why !"

"Indeed !—knowledge progresses lamentably : talent will soon be worthless ; what every one has, no one cares for."

"I think, myself, that dancing will carry the day," said Dion; "in Ireland at any rate."

"You mean *rope* dancing," said Miss Berrington.

"Rope dancing! *hang it* no," said Dionysius, "not at all—I mean—"

"Cicero is a very pretty book don't you think Ma'am?" said Mrs. Bullock, who had gathered from me that Miss Berrington was a literary person.

"Very indeed," said Miss Berrington, impressively, "and Thucydides! how sweetly he describes the plague of Athens! but you prefer it may be that passage in Confucius, on filial—"

"Monimia Monimia come here come here," interrupted Mrs. Bullock. "Pray Mr. Fitzgerald, *will* you give Monimia *your* place? she'll think it such a treat you know to talk the classics."

I arose; Mrs. Bullock leaned on me, and led me to her mate—"We'll just leave them to get into the marrow of it," she whispered—"For my part Mr. B. she *poses me*—so very literary—quite a poetess!"

“ Gracious !” ejaculated Mr. B. “ Literary !—a poetess !—I thought you told me she was a gentlewoman.”

“ Pray hold your tongue and don’t expose yourself,” said Mrs. Bullock ; “ a lady, now a days, not literary, is not a gentlewoman.”

Quinilla meantime was fluttering about, issuing the word of command, as if mistress of the revels—“ Take the silver bread-basket Timotheus dear ; tea is coming in—hand the plum-cake about my man—Boland didn’t forget the Shrewsburys I hope—Patricius, draw the curtains—bring in the wax candles.”

“ How well she manages,” observed Mrs. Bullock. “ So clear in all her orders—well for us we have her !”

So the bellows were shut out and candles brought in. Tea went its rounds, and little Timotheus, with a basket that at once established Irish hospitality. “ None of your *finican* slices,” said one of the cassino junto, pouncing on the luscious freight, “ but handsome, substantial wedges—well !—I never saw !—Boland is the *sweetest* pastrycook !—You are so abstemious ma’am,” addressing Miss Berrington ;

“take this bit ; do you sing ma’am ?—the three Miss Whelpleys sing ‘merrily every bosom bounces’ most beautifully—or may be you play commerce ?”

“Play cards indeed !” said Dionysius, coloring ; “she’ll dance—wo’n’t you dance with me Miss Berrington ?”

“Certainly I hope to have that pleasure.”

There was a miraculous brightening of my pupil’s countenance. “The Miss Dogherty’s don’t know Quadrilles,” he added, “so we must have a country-dance or two.”

“As many as you please ; a country-dance in autumn is so refreshing !”

“Sweet creature !” murmured the Miss Doghertys.

I had been stealing towards the door and was preparing for a dart ; I had no one to pass but Mr. B. who was cooling his tea by pouring it from cup to saucer.

“Pray tell Mr. Fitzgerald I wish to speak with him.”

I heard the order and gave up escape, returning fearfully to my tormentor.

“But for you,” said Dionysius, gazing de-

voutly at Miss Berrington, "we should not have had Mr. Fitzgerald to-night; he is always writing exercises; it makes us quite melancholy to see him look so moped and miserable."

"He is not then a stern task-master?"

"Stern!—he's the mildest person in the world!" said Dionysius warmly—"I could never learn at all before he taught me—stern! he has the patience of a saint."

Miss Berrington looked at him with a changed expression—"You are a zealous and a generous friend; I wish *I* had such an advocate."

"Nonsense!" said Dionysius, "*you* can never want an advocate."

A slight flush overspread the lady's face; she turned to me hastily and whispered—"I am rebuked—the most refined compliment could not have struck more home—surely the first knight-errant must have been an Irishman."

I was on the point of saying, "Marion will vouch for that." What saddening associations rushed in with the thought!—Utterly forgetful I flung my arm across the chair, leaned my head on it and was transported to our study in the distant west—Marion and Helen pored

over their favorite tomes ; aunt plied her stocking needle ; my uncle took notes for a translation of Homer which he had long contemplated—I heaved a profound sigh, and stared vacantly around—the scraping of a fiddle had brought back my alienated senses.

“ You are ill, your head aches,” said Monimia, taking my hand ; “ the room is very warm, stand outside the door for a minute or two.”

“ Do,” said Dion ; “ come to us again though.”

“ He worries himself too much with Dionysius,” said Mrs. Bullock.

“ The poor lad is as white as chalk,” said Mr. B. “ he *shall not* be pestered with lessons all day ; by the Law-Harry he sha’n’t.”

I was an object of general solicitude ; every one was full of pity—every one recommended some unfailing specific. I was conscious of no ailment save that *tremor cordis* which I had no hope of losing ; nevertheless I was glad to be released.

Miss Berrington followed me to the door.—“ You forsake me, most unknighly cavalier. Farewell—I leave Cork at day-break—’Tis the

plaint of that vexed Cremona that afflicts you, is it not?" she whispered—"Still to be the object of such honest sympathies is comforting. Take this as the result of my observations, I wish I were an Irishwoman."

CHAPTER VII.

Musicians and dancers, take some truce
With these your pleasing labours ; for great use
As much weariness as perfection brings.

Donne.

KATY, Slauveen, and the Vulcan cook were on the landing, peeping at the company ; I asked for a candle, and ascended to my three-pair-stair apartment. As I passed the school-room a low solemn murmur reached me—There was something inexpressibly composing, after the din and bustle of the drawing-room, in the soft hum of Helen's voice leading the children's in evening prayer—I lingered for a moment—
“ Her little charge will be soon dismissed to

bed," thought I: "we can discuss matters as we walk home."

I shut myself into my lecture-room, and opened Fielding's letter; it was shorter than usual, containing little more than a request, singular, because emphatically urged. "You have never," he wrote, "disclosed to me the circumstances of your descent; until lately I was myself unequal to enter on the subject, but I now feel an irrepressible desire to learn them—do not, I beseech you, disappoint me—I know you keep a journal; let me have such parts as bear upon the point I have so much at heart. Miss Berrington will take charge of a deposit I shall hold sacred, and return to you unseen but by myself."

Independent of the feeling which made it almost impossible for me to refuse a request from Fielding, the leaven of pride, fermented by the sarcasms of Miss Berrington, made me not averse to a disclosure that would prove our claim, though not to happy, yet to high descent. I addressed a few lines to my friend, and hastily subtracting from my diary the sheets written since our residence in Cork, I

placed the remainder in envelope with my letter, sealed and directed it—But how make Miss Berrington aware of the second voluminous deposit that awaited her? I had a horror of again encountering the blaze of so many eyes, yet I was scrupulous of entrusting my packet to a servant. For a moment I fluctuated, and the next descended the stairs with a hope that some fortunate chance might befriend me.

“Two fiddles and a dulcimer,” drowned the creaking of my shoes—the before-mentioned peepers were still reconnoitring, so I leaned over the baluster above them, awaiting the conclusion of the dance—The notes of admiration beneath me were sometimes louder than the fiddle notes.

“Whatever heads may do,” said Katy, “Irish heels flogs English ones—Look at Miss Quinny’s *inthricate* toes! her *genus* lies that way.”

“In counthry dances,” said Slauveen, “but look at her in them *quadroons*; yawing like Bill Driscol’s wherry in a swell.”

“But how beautiful she throws her toe out,”

returned Katy, "watch her sinking step—Mr. McCarthy's eyes are glued upon her."

"In my mind," quoth the Vulcan cook, "next to Miss Monimia, Miss Philly Horrigan flogs the room; she's *dead* genteel."

"Too bungy," remarked Katy.

"Well done, Master Dionysius!" cried Slauveen, "what a caper! The foreign lady looks enchanted."

"She's a smart young lady too," said Katy; "but her dress ruins her; *all* white looks so *main*, Miss Quinilla's white an' coquelicoo takes the shine from her entirely."

"'Tis allurin'! puts one in mind of a cracked lobster," quoth the cook, "Hush! spake *asy*—don't you hear the music stop?"

There was a buzz of merry voices; the dancers filled up the door-way; the servants decamped, and their places were taken by Dionysius, Quinilla, and Miss Berrington.

"I never was so hot in all my life!" said Quinilla, "my hair is *out*!—Fan your partner, can't you Dionysius!" Miss Berrington really looked exhausted.

"Mr. McCarthy must be wondering where

I am ;” resumed our cousin ; “ are you engaged for the next quadrille, Miss Berrington ? I’m sure I hope I haven’t promised twenty !”

“ I would rather not dance the next,” replied Miss Berrington.

“ I am tired too,” said Dion.

“ You tired Dionysius !—*you* !—but you *must* ask Miss McCarthy.”

Mrs. Bullock now emerged —“ Dionysius, dear—there’s poor Miss McCarthy among the wall-flowers ; you *must* ask her you know ; she looks quite wo-begone ; Mr. Hurley is hunting for Miss Berrington.”

Dion was led off, *à contre cœur*, between his mother and Quinilla. The ‘vexed cremonas’ again struck up.

I was hastening to address Miss Berrington, when the soft hand of a child arrested me—It was Lydia Bullock—“ Will you call Timotheus, Mr. Fitzgerald ? no one hears our bell—Ah ! that lady there will call him.” The child ran down stairs to Miss Berrington—“ Will *you* tell Timotheus Helen wants him ?”

“ Come with me then my dear.”

"No, no," said Livia: "Helen would be sorry—she says we ought to be in bed."

"And who is Helen? your sister?"

"No; Mr. Fitzgerald's sister—she teaches us—don't you know *our* Helen?"

"I should like to know her."

"Then you must make haste—she is going home—come."

"But she may be angry—"

"Helen is never angry."

"And will you introduce me? I am Miss Berrington."

"The English lady! the lady every one came to look at!—oh Helen will like to see you too—and Julius—and Diana—make haste."—She was drawing Miss Berrington up stairs while she prattled.

I debated whether I should prevent this visit or prepare my sister for it—the moment for either was lost by my delay. Just as I reached the school-room door, Livia, who pursued me closely, pushed it in, exclaiming—"Here's the great lady! the English lady come to see us!"

Miss Berrington drew back, turning on me eyes expressive of astonishment—Helen's arm was thrown round one of the children, who leaned against her half asleep—Julius had mounted her chair to play with the long tresses from which he had drawn the comb that usually confined them—lights burned dimly on a table—the window was thrown open, and an autumn moon shone brilliantly above the blue slate roofings of the houses opposite.

“Come in,” said Livia, “Helen will *not* be angry ; come in.”

“Pray forgive—forgive—this intrusion,” said Miss Berrington, slowly entering.

Helen had started from the children : her innate courtesy subdued the tremors of surprise and diffidence. Miss Berrington's confusion was more apparent ; she took the chair my sister offered, but her *comicus* had left her.

“Won't you say something for me, Mr. Fitzgerald?—I was so harassed by noise and heat—the prospect of a room to breathe in—of—of—”

“*Indeed* I am glad to see you,” said Helen, “to thank you for your kindness to my brother

—We are not accustomed to mix in society, else I should have met you with the family; but this opportunity of thanking you is very grateful to me.”

“Miss Berrington’s eyes were riveted on my sister’s face—“If you wish me to feel at ease you will not mention thanks.”

“Then I will not,” said Helen.

“There!” cried Livia, “I told you she would not be angry.”

How speedily a child consummates an intimacy; Livia placed Miss Berrington’s hand in Helen’s;—the laugh her earnestness excited established familiarity.—A servant entered for the children—I feared a more effectual interruption, and while Helen successively dismissed her little pupils, I hastily informed Miss Berrington of the second bulky packet that awaited her.

“’I’ll prent it,” said she archly; “’a chiel’s amang you takin’ notes.”

“It is for Fielding,” I observed.

“Fielding!” said Miss Berrington, with sudden earnestness of manner;—“What a man!—and what a pity that he was born a

thousand years too soon!—the time is out of joint for such a man.”

I dared not follow up the topic before Helen, yet I dived in vain for a less exciting subject—Miss Berrington after a thoughtful pause resumed.

“To serve his fellow-creatures is all he seems to live for—it is only at long intervals such men spring up.—He is now endeavouring to ameliorate the heaviest affliction which ‘humanity can bear and live’—abolishing the fetter and the lash by which the Pariahs of our hemisphere are tortured; restoring to the pale of brother-hood those poor aliens too long obliterated from our sympathies—The scant dole of charity awarded to the lunatic is widening—Fielding emulates the mercy of him who took the dark in spirit by the hand and lifted him up.”

It is impossible to describe my feelings. Helen had turned from the children, and was listening with breathless interest.

“His father,” continued Miss Berrington, “is as earnest a philanthropist, the organizer of Samaritan societies; a man of extraordinary benevolence, but a humorist. Fielding, on the

contrary, was always serious ; he is now grave —It is whispered that he has formed some unfortunate attachment ; I do not credit the report—a man like that to be refused ! or, more improbable still, to love unworthily !—yet Sir William Fielding is so anxious to see him married that—Ah little one ! would you go without farewell ?” she added, suddenly breaking off to address Livia, who lingered behind the other children, probably anticipating this notice. The child bade good bye with abundance of caresses, and then with wayward fondness clung to Helen, entreating for a *tiny* moment longer, just until Timotheus should be summoned—I rejoiced at the interruption !

“ There is a genuine warm-heartedness in this family,” said Miss Berrington, “ worth all the factitious conventionalities of pompous circles ; their staple element is certainly good-nature, which, notwithstanding my lamentable deficiency in that prime quality, I can estimate ; I do not remember ever having been guilty of a kind act—it isn’t in me.”

“ You are not telling truth,” said Livia, shaking her little head.

Miss Berrington laughed, yet looked discon-

certed. "Is she most shrewd or complimentary Mr. Fitzgerald? The Irish have a plausible idiom combining and disguising the extremes of sincerity and flattery, have they not? a specious varnish distilled from that cabalistic cairn I kissed to-day."

"Miss Berrington could gloss her raillery before she saluted the Blarney stone," said I.

"Ho! you are indignant for your compatriots—unjustly—the memory of their droll *insouciance* will be my care-dispeller—an antidote to dulness. There is a buoyancy in their very accent, a point, a raciness, which I might as well attempt to gild a sun-beam as to pencil without your assistance. Have you informed your sister of our '*belle alliance*'?—but perhaps she discountenances imaginative compositions."

"I have loved them from my cradle," said Helen! "they are linked with the dear credulities of childhood, when the spirit of young wonder was awakened by nursery traditions; but may they not be directed to forward some moral end, to illustrate some truth of pure philosophy?"

“Truly may they,” replied Miss Berrington thoughtfully; “fiction is one of the roads by which we reach the understanding of a great mass of our fellow creatures. Those who would reject instruction in a treatise will imbibe it freely, in a tale; therefore it is essential that we purify from dross, and elevate above simple prettinesses the mode of such instruction.”

Timotheus at this moment burst into the room, proclaiming that every one was looking for the English lady.

“Must I go?” exclaimed Miss Berrington, “must I leave this cool delicious corner? ‘Let me fall to such perusal of its face as I would draw it’.”

She looked around the little chamber: it was remarkable for nothing but propriety, and a total absence of that pretension to the false *recherche* which the drawing room displayed. “Just too,” she added, “as I was about to ask you for the sequel of your story; you left off *you know* at, ‘I was a dweller of the savage west’—Mercy! I think I hear the pastoral accent of Miss Philly Horrigan!”

It was the servant who had returned for the

children. Our versatile visitor again digressed, gazing at Helen, who was stooping to comply with Livia's request for one more *last* kiss.—“Fielding told me the Irish foreheads were well furnished—the furniture wants *french polish* perhaps—a rubbing up—but such a head as that!” she whispered, “such a Jephtha's daughter sort of head.—What do you deserve for not informing me you had such a pencilling as that upon your canvass—‘soft, modest, melancholy,’—and yet I have seen an outline—where?—an outline which resembles it—a type—can you assist me?—where could I have met with such a head!”

“You have named Jephtha's daughter,” I replied, with forced composure.

“Well—true—I *have* seen a painting of the Jewish maiden; still there is a floating, living somebody—Hark!—the Philistines!”

A loud and wonderfully sustained peal of laughter heralded Quinilla. “Ho-ho-ho, so here you are so snug—after hunting from hole to corner, here you are! Helen not gone home yet!—well; miracles will never cease! and

Watty !—you have bewitched the house Miss Berrington—Here's Dionysius in the dumps—come in *Di*—sure she's found at last—the Mc Carthys will be up directly."

" I retreat to save you from a siege ;" whispered Miss Berrington.

" You have had such a loss !" exclaimed Quinilla, "*Di* and Monimia have been waltzing."

" Will you waltz with me, Miss Berrington ?" said Dionysius, humbly.

" I never waltz," was the reply.

" Such a loss !" resumed Quinilla, " and poor dear Mrs. Richard Horrigan has had such a loss !—lost a rubber of five by her partner's keeping the last ace !—a shocking slip—But the worst of all was, that relic of old decency, Miss Biddy Hinch, made *such* a sweep !—poor Mrs. Richard's groan was quite affecting !"

A hurricane of voice now was wafted upwards—" What's that !—They can't be going to supper, sure !—the frosted cake's not come ! nor the spun sugar—'tis some mistake—I promised to dance the supper-set with Mr. McCar-

thy—*Di* put Miss Berrington in the middle of the table, opposite the pyramid—Come, Dionysius, come, can't you?"

"One moment," said Miss Berrington, "my packet?"

I presented the packet, which she instantly transferred to Dion. "You will see this put into my carriage; we shall quarrel if you lose it."

"I'd rather lose my life," said Dionysius.

"After the turban catastrophe I dare not trust *your animal*, Mr. Fitzgerald, and *my insect* has a giddy wing—And now I say farewell, because I must—Mr. Fitzgerald you shall hear from me; we may never meet again, so 'gi'us a hand, and here's a hand o' mine.'" I thought her voice trembled a little—there was a transient gleam of feeling in the look she turned on us, but she soon relapsed into her tone of banter, promising to transmit my tender pressure to Miss Philly Horrigan.

CHAPTER VIII.

“ My lute, be as thou wert when thou didst grow
With thy green mother in some shady grove—
What art thou but a harbinger of woe?”

FAREWELL ye sprightly images, ye Vulcan galas—I have other scenery to paint, for which I must mix dark colors!—deep shadowings and mournful. I was prolix of my lighter sketches, giving here a touch and there—though constitutionally grave yet I loved to dally with my merry recollections—the gloomier snatches of my memory must be hurried over.—I dare

not loiter, lest my hand tremble and I start from the phantoms I call up—One last attempt at cheerfulness and then—

It was late when we reached home—so late we hoped our guardians were asleep ; but the glimmer cast by the one dim candle beneath the parlour door made our approach less cautious. My aunt, behind a well stocked basket, was at her never-ceasing hem-stitch ; hardly venturing to look up until her task was done : my uncle was plodding over his school associate, whom no later friendship had thrown into the background—His eyes gave out a ray of old enthusiasm as he read and noted : the Homeric versions, once entered on for recreation, were now pursued with feverish avidity, in furtherance of a conscientious purpose which time could not cancel, nor weakness, nor affliction.

“ You are late children,” said my aunt, arranging the huge pile of plain-work, *her* quota of the household earnings—“ Helen you look paler every day—go to bed, go to bed—Heaven guard you my poor children !”

“ Amen,” said my uncle, with a melancholy wave of his fine head.

That night I was not haunted by Miss Berrington—But Dionysius was—and for many, many, subsequent nights and days—He dreamed of her! he raved of her! he learned a whole Latin verb because he heard that she was literary. His flame for Miss McCarthy was puffed out—Dion was downright love-sick, and waxed pale as his pale tutor.

But the Berrington mania had infected the whole Bullock family, Quinilla inclusive—Monimia's gold bands and bugles were discarded; her hair was fastened in the Berrington knot—The Berrington sash was white, and the Berrington gown—so colors were sent to Coventry—The Berrington slide, subversive of rigadon and hop, was practised; the Berrington bend—In short every innovation, stamped Berrington became current—If sticklers for old fun and finery dared to bluster or bewail—" 'tis the Berrington why!" silenced them *instantly*; "One woman to make such a rumpus!" groaned Mrs. Mulligan; "Miss Quinilla's gone cracked!"

No wonder! Miss Quinilla sported the Berrington hat! not the pattern—the identical hat!—the gipsy hat! It arrived—"so

genteelly !” observed Mrs. B—“with such a lady-like note !” said our cousin—the morning after the rout—Before ten minutes had elapsed every glass in the house had reflected Quinilla’s halcyon face coiffed á la Berrington : the effect on our cousin’s temper was magical : she sank into soft falsetto—’Twas the prettiest thing ! so Arcadian ! suited a pastoral *contour* ! Cork to this day may remember that sweet gipsy-hat.

Perhaps Helen and I brooded as intensely over the Berrington adventure as even the love-lorn Dion ; Helen was not conscious how often she ejaculated “should my book be successful !” It was fortunate that something had occurred to suspend our deep anxiety for Marion—Lord Sanford’s purpose had been answered, therefore he was silent ; the birth of his heir announced, we occupied but an insignifioant place in his memory—if all were not well he would write to us. Thus we endeavoured to stifle our fears, yet we felt an unspeakable longing to receive a line, one line from Marion : we exhausted conjecture as to where she might be—at Geneva—in London—at Castle Dellival—To infer that she neglected us wilfully, would have been

treason to our feelings—Marion's heart was too well understood.

Our extreme ignorance of 'things that be' had made us unaware that the movements of the great are chronicled and blazoned in gazette, until one morning—about a week after Miss Berrington's departure—as I was preparing a despatch for Birmingham in the little back parlour, Dion burst upon me, brandishing a newspaper, and proclaiming the arrival from the continent, of Lord and Lady Sanford and suite, at the house of the Marquis Dellival, Portman Square.—I ran up stairs—with the paper to Helen—we read the paragraph a hundred times; we wept, we embraced—The children laughed and jumped, assuring each other it must be some news of Miss Berrington.

“That a thing we thought so little of,” said I, “a thing we hardly knew of should be the medium of such intelligence!” I gazed at the paper in admiration. Another paragraph struck me, another familiar name—Died at Schloss Wallenberg in Upper Saxony, in consequence of wounds received while fighting under the banner of the Black Brunswickers at

Waterloo—Ernest, Baron Wallenberg—His son, Baron Derentsi, who was badly wounded in defending the regretted Duke of Brunswick at Ligny, still lingers.

I dropped the paper, Helen caught it up—I pointed to the passage.

Mrs. Bullock entered—"Don't tease yourselves with teaching to day," said the good soul "take the newspaper to your poor aunt: she won't be *poor* much longer now I hope; Lord Sanford will *think of himself* at last, and do *something* for you. You'll go to London I have no doubt."—She twinkled off two heavy eye-drops—"A house in Portman Square! Helen you'll be a great lady; I was always sure of that; 'twill be a *brain-blow* to us at any rate."

The children, with one accord, began to weep, beseeching Helen not to go to London.

Their father now came in, and, though his eyes looked very misty, he vowed his being made Lord Chancellor could not give him greater pleasure: he shook us by the hand wishing us joy, so often, and so ardently that I began to doubt his sanity. His wife and he had worked themselves into the belief that we

being indispensables of his Lordship's suite, were to set off forthwith. It took more words than the occasion warranted to convince them that our brother-in-law's arrival in Portman Square did not indubitably imply our exaltation. We accepted however leave of absence for the day, and returned home.

The needle and the pen were suspended when we entered : my aunt glanced at the old-fashioned silver watch which hung over the mantle-piece—"What *can* have brought you home children—are there letters?"

Helen read aloud the newspaper paragraph relating to Lord Sanford—my aunt's tears shone through her spectacles. "She is nearer to us, Fitzgerald, and that's one comfort."

"And a great one," said my uncle ; "one that I thought would make my Helen smile again."

"Alas !" ejaculated my aunt, "we never hear a laugh now—never ! time was when—but *she* is gone !—poverty and labour are not such grievous evils Helen ; every heart must have its achings !"

Helen sat down—her lip quivered—"Have

I vexed you my own darling," said my aunt, flinging her arms round my sister's neck—"I did not mean to blame you—but if you would only look a little livelier Helen—just a little—Marion herself was not more lightsome than you were once, Helen."

That Helen should be considered wanting in strength of mind oppressed me; Helen in whom the constant presence of serious thoughts and lofty motives forbade the intrusion of gay fancies—I was beginning her defence, when by an expressive look she silenced me—Self-collected in a moment, she resumed the paper.—"There is other intelligence here involving a friend of ours."

"Mr. Fielding is married may be," said my aunt adjusting her spectacles.

I snatched the paper and stood before Helen—"Baron Wallenberg is dead," said I.

"Dead!" repeated my aunt, with a short scream; "then you must put on mourning."

I cast a side glance at Helen. Our connexion with Baron Wallenberg was thus openly avowed—My uncle motioned for the paper.

"Respect for the Baroness, you know, would

induce you to do that," pursued my aunt, coloring and stammering. "As to the Baron, poor good-for-nothing soul! you—*we* I mean to say—were never much beholden to him."

"He is dead," said my uncle gravely, laying down the paper.

"And the dead can't clear their characters," said my aunt; "so we'll let him rest, proud, stubborn creature."

"He died bravely, in the field of battle," said my uncle.

"With a thousand cannon balls whisking round his ears to keep his courage in him," returned my aunt;—"Ah Fitzgerald! there is more real bravery in the fearless death of the man of peace."

"And Baron Derentsi badly wounded!" said my uncle soliloquizing.

"Baron Derentsi, Fitzgerald!—Baron Derentsi badly wounded! well, bravery was in the blood of those bold Wallenbergs without a question—the very women had a Benjamin's portion—Dear, unlucky Madame Wallenberg! And he has a wife—and children too perhaps; poor souls, poor souls!"

“ I must write to her,” said my uncle, linking his own chain of thought rather than responding to his wife.

“ May I write too ?” enquired Helen. He was so pre-occupied that he did not seem to hear her.

“ A walk will do you good,” said my aunt, with a significant nod.

We were so full of thought that we left the house and were proceeding to our accustomed haunt before we recollected that our little envoy had not appeared that morning. There was still a chance of letters—I hastened to the post-office—Helen returned home, for she seldom ventured upon what we termed the Patrician ground of Cork.

“ Your messenger but now received your letter,” said the post-master.—“ A London letter.”

I could not blame Phil for his punctual observance of my orders, yet the *contre-temps* annoyed me. I was turning away when a chaise, which bore marks of having just performed a long journey, drove up. Lady Dellival had not been murdered in the ‘ savage west,’ for

her head was put forth from the window while the driver enquired for letters : an air of impatience enlivened her icy countenance. Several packets were handed to her ; she threw herself back, and the carriage drove off. I followed it up George's street, and saw her alight at the Hotel—her stately pace was considerably accelerated : she disappeared instantly, for no intercepting beggar had besieged the dust covered vehicle. But for my letter I might have addressed friend 'Beauty,' who was humming Moll Roon, and mopping the door step : as it was, I thought the minutes hours, until I joined Helen. She had not seen the recreant Phil. I was at the boundary of patience when she suggested that, not finding us at Mrs. Bullock's he might have concluded we had walked towards the wood—two yards or two miles were just the same to Phil.

And so it proved ; under our favorite beech sat Phil and Breesthough, regaling upon muscles, which the dog had learned to like. Phil had made cushions of the fallen leaves for himself and friend, and he looked so happy that we could not scold him.

“ I was at my nob’s end where to find you,” he exclaimed, up-turning a huge stone which had secured the letter, “ but I know’d you’d come here, so I *goth*er them leaves there for you.”

We tore off Lord Sanford’s envelope, threw ourselves upon the leaves, and read as follows.

“ At last I am permitted to write to you—at last. But *I would* write—I told them I would write—What inconsistent people I am with !—they assert that I am ill when I was never better—I am only sick of grandeur. Oh ! what a tedious, tedious, thing is ceremony !—a retinue of servants—fine apartments—and not one familiar guest—not one gay voice !—all dull, solemn, and magnificent ! I conjure up the panorama of old scenes—days that have rolled away : I recall old sounds—the boatman’s song—the hum of Granny’s wheel, the ripple of the lake. I can do this, and I can dream of you—but I see you dimly through a spectral haze—a distance always lengthening. My spirit is not with the things around me, it wanders home ;—whose home ?—are you all there—all—is it *sure* that you are there ? they tell me so, but—

Had I even one of my old books to read, I should be calmer—alas ! I have nothing of my former happy, happy, life, but just my recollections, and the light of these shadowy thoughts is gone : disappointment comes so often—I am suspicious now—I have no faith in promises—none ! A desolate feeling of abandonment oppresses me ; sorrow has fastened on my heart ; it seems to me as if I moved in a different state of being from heretofore—a cold, cold, region ! I must not fly to meet my husband as I used to do : it would not be decorous—I must practise dignity, and become accomplished, that I may not disgrace the patronage of Lady Dellival !—I try to gratify Lord Sanford, indeed, I do ;—Yet I have a terror of the person, to please whom, I am forced from my own nature. She is not here, but Lord Dellival is, and yet I must not see him before the Marchioness returns, lest it offend her ! How disheartening all this is ! I thought I should be welcomed as *I* could welcome. Meantime I am trained into seeming what I am not—fettered by etiquette, and obliged to ask permission of two nurses and the family physician before I can see my child !—

The little pet darling that I longed to shew you as my own, is not my own! I must not fondle it—I must not hush it; it never hears a mother's lullaby! I must not coax it—speak to it: the creature that I dote on lies in solemn grandeur, or is borne about by nurses who look so sour and petulant if I dare to take it; I, that could kneel by its cradle all day long, and gaze on its transparent lids, and watch for the opening of the deep blue eyes—oh! dear Helen, dear Walter! I could be happy still, if they would suffer me to nurse my child. In the cabins of my own sweet glen the mother can caress her babe—but here—let no one covet grandeur whose affections are like mine.

“Write to me—take care that you tell me to be patient—if you pity me, it will break my heart—persuade me I am captious, that I should be *glad* of all this pomp—bid me to say ‘thank you’, when they fling a gorgeous canopy between me and my infant. Oh! ’tis a bitter, bitter, thing to be a mother, to feel the flood of tenderness that I feel, and to be compelled to waste my hours upon nothings! My babe is weak they say. Poor thing! it has caught its

mother's melancholy. Were it nursed like our mountain children, it would be strong : were it shewn the glories of this wondrous world, it would be good : good as we were, as you are still—I am not good, now, Helen ; hideous thoughts affright me—thoughts that make me shudder !—Do not come here, *you* may grow wicked too. Must my tomb be in the stranger's land ? must my child be as the stranger's child, and never see his mother's home ? My poor child ! when it prattles, it will not prattle of God's works : it will learn to look proud and discontented. Write to me—write to me, all of you—tell me that I should give you up, that I should rejoice—tell me I am wrong—wicked ! Ought I to detest these sullen women, so full of lip-deep deference, and yet insinuating that I would injure my own child ? could I, Helen ? could I ?—surely, I am Marion, your Marion.”

The letter was concluded, we looked at each other long and silently ; we were afraid to sound each other's thoughts ; our utterance was choked ; we could not shed tears !—That one unmentionable wo we had so laboured to cast off, crept forward like a serpent—words were

not necessary to unfold the bent of our apprehensions.

Helen at last faltered, "We are mistaken—we *are* mistaken; it is only a natural depression—a despondency consequent on illness and alienation from her friends. Let us give the letter to my aunt, and observe her while she reads it."

We were interrupted—"Well, I never see the likes o' you," said Phil, angrily, "to be letting our letters sky about that way. Brees—though an' I ha' been huntin' it this half-hour, —didn't you see the wind risin'?" He presented the envelope which had flown off disregarded.

We ran over Lord Sanford's flimsy apologies, which were scribbled on the cover—Serious engagements had prevented his addressing us earlier—at last we came to the name we longed to meet—

"Lady Sanford continues nervous and impatient—she wished to nurse her child, but our medical adviser forbids it absolutely; the premature birth of my son makes strict adherence to the rules prescribed, imperative. Lord Del-

ival is so anxious in this matter that he wishes to remove his heir to Castle Dellival. I should feel much pleasure in inviting you Walter and our sister Helen, but Lady Sanford is so excitable on points connected with what she persists in calling 'home,' that our physician judges it indispensable to interrupt—merely for the present—dangerous associations, and has directly prohibited communication even by letter with her family; at *least* for a few weeks—therefore do not be alarmed at a temporary suspension of our correspondence. The absence of the Marchioness is very distressing; I reckoned upon her, for arranging Marion's *début*; an introduction to our brilliant circles may have a salutary effect, for the complaint is merely nervous. My house progresses slowly—When Lady Sanford's flutter of spirits abates, I shall be delighted to resume our intercourse; meantime with best wishes to Helen believe me &c. &c.

Before I reached the signature, the letter was flying off in fragments—"Let us walk forward," said Helen, "and consult."

The day had changed, an uncertain wind

wafted in eddies the melancholy-looking leaves. Phil followed us, moralizing on the sudden departure of the patch of sunshine in which he had located himself and Breesthough—"One's sure o' nothin' here, but cold an' hunger, haith! there's Carrigrohan shiverin', too, poor baste!"

We stopped opposite the old castle to say farewell, for a heavy something—a bodement Marion would have called it—told us we should visit the banks of that regretted Lee, no more. The grim old ruin looked yet more dreary through the mist. Phil twirled his ozier cane, lamenting he could not spear another meal of shell-fish, "the 'cute craythurs had shut their mouths agsint the wind," he said, "every thing is turned *contrary*-ways—look at the beautiful Blarney strame that glistered as blue as my eye this morning; look at it now—tearin' through the yellow clay, bad *cess* to it! givin' our Lee the jaundice!"

"And thus," thought I, "may the current of the mind be stained and distorted, with as little preparation."

CHAPTER IX.

It is not but the tempest that doth shew
The sea-man's cunning ; but the field that tries
The captain's courage ; and we come to know
Best what men are, in their worst jeopardies.

Daniel.

DESPITE of Lord Sanford's prohibition we wrote to Marion, addressing also a short but forcible remonstrance to his Lordship. Our letters to Marion were worded carefully ; we tried to inspire confidence and resignation ; our whole hearts were in the assurances of affection we poured forth : every thought of a joyful futurity, we protested, was bound up with the hope of our meeting ; she must imbue herself

with this hope, and control her unusual tendency to doubt and to despond.

Our letters despatched, after a long and thoughtful deliberation we determined to confide in my aunt, whom we judged most capable of bearing up against anxiety ; her simple but solid understanding taught her to baffle affliction by a wholesome appreciation of the comforts still vouchsafed us. My uncle, with feelings more refined, perhaps I should say more strained, had less philosophic stamina, and was less fitted to struggle with suspense than his vigorous-minded partner. It was difficult however to win her private ear ; there were now no farm-yard and dairy ; no culinary cares to interrupt her day-long sittings with her husband : these were prolonged, of late, beyond the stated hour of retirement, and we remarked that my uncle looked restless if we outstayed his signal—"good night."

Mourning had been provided for me and Helen ; this, though of the plainest fabric, somewhat diminished our little fund ; my aunt stitched faster, my uncle applied himself to

Homer more intensely, but never omitted sending Katy to the Vulcan for the newspaper.

The Bullocks remarked on the anomaly of our being habited in black, while my aunt continued firm to the olive-green camlet she had brought from the glen. My uncle's rusty coat might have been assigned to any color. Finding we were silent, our friends contented themselves with extolling our improved appearance. Quinilla gaped, and it is very likely would have beset us with enquiries, had she not satisfied herself by a leap of ratiocination common to her—that we thought *black* economical. Curiosity, however, had it burned ten times fiercer, would have been extinguished by intelligence our cousin just then received: intelligence which called forth hyperbolical effusions of delight. Theodore was made a captain! he had fought so gallantly in the late campaign of Flanders, that rapid promotion had, in a few months, dubbed him Captain O'Toole. "Didn't I tell you," said Mr. B., "didn't I tell you, Mrs. B.—there would be a Flemish account of the French who came in the way of

O'Toole." It was rumoured that he had spitted two cuirassiers with his own hand, and had put to flight the imperial guard with the shout "Crom-a-boo!—Thunder an' Irish—Wellington aboo!"

Whose head wagged so high as Quinny's!—"My brother, the captain," began her discourse, "My brother, the captain," concluded it. The flirtation with Mr. McCarthy, hitherto, had had no result; but Katy, winking with both eyes, affirmed "my 'brother, the captain,' would soon bring things to a head."

I thought I detected a slight touch of elation in my aunt's honest countenance when she gave us a blessing that night; next morning at breakfast she twice introduced Archbishop O'Toole, the patriot prelate who headed Ireland's last struggle with Strongbow.

In this exhilarating conjuncture our sables escaped further notice; we pursued undisturbed our melancholy train of reflections. Even Miss Berrington's star waned fainter and fainter as the effulgence of Captain O'Toole's was diffused: *our* trust in the zeal of our lively acquaintance also declined. Winter approached: the

sickness of baffled hope fell on us : no reply from Marion or Lord Sanford—I became trebly anxious to consult my aunt. At last a slight indisposition which confined my uncle to his chamber gave me the occasion. She read my sister's letter without comment, folded it, and looked at me intently—

“ You have written Walter ? ”

“ We wrote instantly ”—

“ And no reply ! ”

I was obliged to touch on Lord Sanford's communication.

“ Forbid to correspond with her own family ! —Write at once to Mr. Fielding—enclose Marion's letter—don't lose a moment—write—”

The advice was obviously judicious—my letter was earnest and circumstantial.

I acquainted Helen with the result of this discussion, but I hid my suspicion that my aunt's fears took the same coloring as ours : before I entered on my day's monotonous task at the Vulcan, I went with my letter to the post. Half way thither I met Phil, gasping, his eyes full of some impending novelty—
“ There's a letter, Sir—but the *cheaterer* wo'n't

give it widout money ! I *tolt* him over an' over again we never paid nothin' for our letters."

This was a dilemma I myself was unprepared for ; I hastened to the shop, and requested Mr. Bullock to lend me a few shillings.

"A few shillings ! pooh ! take a guinea, just for pocket-money."

I made no demur, for I remembered that our salary was due. In a tremor of excitement I took the shortest way across the fashionable promenade to George's-street ; it proved the longest—my acquaintance "Beauty" was at her matinal song and scourings—as I was speeding past her, she projected the long handle of her badge of office, intercepting me adroitly : I resisted.

"Did you leave your manners in your ould coat pocket ?—Let alone the mop-stick or you'll get mopped in earnest ; you didn't look so sulky when you came coixin' us to shew you to the quolity ; 'tis proud o' your new clothes you are—who carried you to thim that made a man o' you, and all I had for payment was one shabby hog."

"Pray let me pass," said I.

"Your back is up bekase I grabbed that shilling—small blame to me—couldn't you divide fair! sure tis for your good I stopped you—my lady what's her name, you stole the purse from, came here huntin' for you high an' low."

"I stole the purse from!"

"That might be only a guess o' mine to come at the *shoot* o' black.—'Tis true enough though—she sent the hue and cry after *you* or after some sinner o' your name, so I made bold you robbed her."

This extraordinary intelligence somewhat relaxed my efforts to escape—

"Upon my word then black becomes you—what a poorty blush you have—hand me a thirteener an' I'll tell you how I hoaxed her."

"Pray let me pass."

"You won't! then I'll tell you for nothin' but *ould frinship*:—Back she come, my lady, from her trip in the *poshay*, a calling for the masther, and askin' if he know'd where one Fitzjerald lived. The masther only know'd that I was sharp at speering rogues out, so he sends down for *me*. My lady faces me like judge O'Daly, but I don't mind high madams

more than mushrooms—sure my mother was a Donovan!—so I stood her out like Ginerall Holt*—thought no more of her than I think o' you—'Fitzjarald is a grate name,' siz I, 'signs by there's a grate deal of um'—I wouldn't mention you, quite 'cute, thinkin' 'twas her purse she missed;—'a grate name indeed,' siz I, callin' up my mem'ry pensive-like. 'There's Fitzjarald o' Bally-hooly, an' Fitzjarald o' Ballina-sloe, an' big Fitzjarald—he's dead though,—an' Sir Judkin John Fitzjarald, a proper man—an' Fitzjarald o' Corcahbeg, a Curnel too'—siz I—'an there's Fitzjarald the hair-dresser just by in George's-street, siz I, 'only people say he have no right to Fitz, just clapped it before jarald for a flash-like'—'You may go,' siz she, looking as if she'd munch me widout mustard—'Travel Cork from Bandon road to Blarney-lane,' siz I, 'there's not another o' the name'—She threw out her arm that way, manin', 'get about your business,' but she threw nothin' else—'Twas on the pip o' my tongue to ask her if she meant you—I wouldn't

* See his autobiography lately edited by Mr. C. Croker.

tell her where you live on no account—you live in Pig-street don't you?"

"How long did she remain?" said I.

"A whole day an' a half, huntin' high an' low for this Fitzjarald; although there was a cugger-muggerin' among the quolity servants that their 'My Lord' was taken' very bad upon a suddent; so at last my Lady rattled herself off to Dublin with her four green footmen—I wonder was it you she wanted?—Tell truth—*did* you come honest by that new rig?"

Phil at the moment made a diversion in my favor by kicking down the mop-pail—Beauty flew at him with bitter objurgation, and I proceeded.—The incident just related took off the edge of my impatience—I revolved stedfastly the bearings of the riddle, and was astonished at my stupidity in not having sooner hit on the solution—Lord Sanford corresponded with Lady Dellival; he had mentioned us: through courtesy to him she had wished to notice us—I was glad we had escaped this notice.

The letter, which Phil had mentioned, was a double letter superscribed "Walter Fitzgerald, Esq." and subscribed "Fanny Berrington."—

I had looked out the signature with some impatience, for the address was puzzling. It began—"My Pliny"—and proceeded thus:—

"We ought to commence our 'Familiar epistles,' familiarly. Was it not thus Trajan addressed his Pliny? Note that I regale you with a sprinkling of *small pedantry*.

"Accidents, relevant and irrelevant, prevented my communicating with you sooner. Our *Premiere*, after detaining us, in expectation, at some Irish port with an unwritable name, signified by fly-sheet her regal pleasure that we should proceed without her; Lord Dellival, influenced by paralysis, had recalled her suddenly. Our Pictish port was out of beat, she must choose the nearest.

"This secession of our mirth-extinguisher rejoiced my social little band—I alone lamented. The disappointment of the murder was cutting. I cannot get on with my *romaunt* in consequence—so I committed your galley to the wave without a consort. But I do not mean to dissolve partnership: *au contraire*, I have a novel bark upon the stocks; and, as *Imperator*, I command you to inventify anew, and furnish a com-

pagnon de voyage for my *Enterprise*. To work—to work ; I will not be gainsayed—another legend, or a Runic Saga, or Aristophanes travestie, or hints on etiquette, or lines upon Miss Philly Horrigan. Think also of some quaint device—a pastoral vignette—Phyllis in poetic azure, and Damon with a face of innocent confusion. Seriously, Mr. Fitzgerald, you *must* resume the pen ; I want to make a hit, and I dare not shake the dice without you. Your first essay, which, by the way, I had not time to read, was purchased without cavil ; and yet my publisher is dainty. The bill which I enclose is passing well for an *anonymous*. If the gale of public favor fill our sails, we shall arrive at Ophir. For my sake be industrious. The other speculation totters ; Lady Dellival, not being murdered in your by-ways, may outlive her Lord, and my design upon the Marquisate—which your sagacious hint gave rise to—thus be frustrated. His Lordship, it is true, has rallied ; but he is many years my Lady's senior—so this preferment has a shivery base. I feel more trust in our co-partnership. You will not jilt your poor *attachée*, will you ?”

“Fielding has left London. I have transmitted your packet to his father’s seat in Hertfordshire. This is a business letter! I would discourse you further but for a rescript from our *premiere*. Dellival house opens to night to the Exclusives—a signal that his lordship convalesces. I will remit you memoranda of the evening; they may assist your sketches, if not drowned *in transitu*. After all, the Bullock *rout*, is the rout *par excellence*; other bevys are so tame! feather and ribbon animals!

“Pray Mr. Fitzgerald remember me to your genial and congenial group, and to that pink of pastorellas Phillida—they are the pearls of memory, Miss O’Toole the pear-pearl. Improve the Irish! ’spak o’ louping o’er a linn’!—I would not have a bog reclaimed: the least improvement must deteriorate—Behold how bulls are tramping in my brain—but you may not be in humour to appreciate my cattle, so—*vale*. Fanny Berrington.

“I dare not permit myself to hope your sister accords to me so high a place in her remembrance as she fills in mine.”

I had the grace to read the lady's letter to the end before I looked at the enclosure—The bill was for two hundred pounds!

It is impossible to give even a faint idea of Helen's face when I informed her that the manuscript was accepted—another asked for—and named the sum. The rayless grief that had eclipsed her youthful animation vanished; joy burst forth—gushes of tears—broken exclamations—the transports of a delighted child—Her mind appeared under a new developement—at first she stood incredulous, and then flung her arms around me. “My poor, poor brother! so sad, so patient!—you were sinking Walter—I tried to shut it out—but you *were* sinking—your cough! your wasted hands! you shall work no more—no more!”

It was fortunate we were alone; the family had gone to a wax-work exhibition. *My* mind had hitherto reposed on Helen's but we seemed to have exchanged characters that morning. Her first impulse was to fly home; I besought her to defer the revealment for a week or two—“We must prepare our worthy patrons,” said I, “and form some project for the future. I

will never consent to live in idleness while you are labouring—Read Miss Berrington's letter."

I watched Helen while she read; through the first page her radiant satisfaction was unclouded; but at length keener feelings than those excited by pecuniary advantage, gained ascendancy. She started, and read aloud—"Fielding has left London—Dellival-house opens to night"—She laid down the letter and looked at me earnestly. "Marion must be well else they would scarcely think of—Still it may be prudent to defer—Did you say a week or two?—It was for your sake Walter—but with hope and—I did not contemplate giving up the children."

Her broken sentences shewed me that she was revolving matter very foreign to the circumstance that had so excited her. "Yes," she ejaculated, "let us be silent—meantime I can write—'tis no labour, it keeps off a host of tortures."

There is nothing minuted in my journal between this conversation and Miss Berrington's second letter dated, Baker street, November, 1815.

“ To him that reads—

“ Are you inditing my panegyric, or soaring to the airy halls of fiction?—In either case you merit our imperial nod—I progress at length, having found a model for a heroine—attend.

“ As related in my last I was cited—in virtue of my order—the Exclusive—to appear at Del-lival-house—Anno Domini November the first, as Pat says.

“ Her Ladyship received me with Siddonian majesty, in jet and sweeping sables; some branch of her Teutonic tree is lopped—I hardly looked at her—an embodiment of Shakspeare’s beautiful inspirations stood beside her—Juliet, Imogen, Ophelia, neither individually, but a blending of all three. It was Lady Sanford.—I had seen once, but once, a head so perfect. She spoke with the Spanish *The-the-ar*; and her lengthened cadence to my ear sounded like a melody that no mortal artist could invent; I closed my eyes to recall a floating intonation which resembled it, and could have fancied that some thoughtful harpist played snatches of half-forgotten serenades. Her shrinking air,

her neck gently bowed, accorded with the trembling pathos of her voice ; when her eyelids drooped, her countenance wore the exquisite repose of Grecian statuary, but when she raised them!—here I am at fault—There was something in the troublous lustre so inexplicable—so indescribable—I could not look away from her—She gave me the idea of a lost seraph committed for her trespass to the genius of a soulless realm ; afraid to murmur, yet goaded by remembrances of her former happiness.”

I had read thus far on my way home, but I could not decipher another word ; the lines swam before me ; my limbs bent ; I leaned against the side wall of the lane I had turned into. The blind man’s daily stand was there, his mournfully incessant cry “ Pity the blind, Pity the blind,” used to revive the ‘ *Date obolum Belisario.*’ Partly from compassion, and partly from affection to my classic reminiscences, I often chose that alley to drop a mite into the hand of Belisarius. I dragged myself onward to make my customary offering ; the heavy note of the beggar and the toll of a

neighbouring church-bell fell awfully ; dizzy and faint I staggered up the lane and reached Christ-church area—the gate was open, but the congregation had not yet assembled. I entered the church and groped along the side aisle to the remote corner in which Helen and I were accustomed to kneel. I could not utter a prayer but I thought one. The vulture gripe upon my heart relaxed. Oh what is blindness to the ceaseless apprehension of that only ‘eclipse’ which can be termed ‘total.’

CHAPTER X.

Adoucissons leur sort, traitons avec bonté,
Ces malheureux bannis de la société ;
De ces nâmes exclus des scenes de la vie
Laissez errer en paix la triste fantaisie.
Par de durs traitemens ne les effarouchons pas,
Que des objets rians se montrent sous leurs pas ;
Entourons les de fleurs, que le cour des fontaines,
Roule nouveau Lethe, l'heureux oublis des peines.

Delille.

I RETURNED to the Vulcan, but found myself unequal to the worry of instruction, so I gave the excuse of a severe head-ache, and withdrew to our lodging. Fastening my chamber door, I resumed the letter.

“Your accidental encounter with Lady Dellival was fortunate for our correspondence, as our comments thereupon may inspire you with a touch of the same interest in the beings of my world that I feel for those of yours. This Lady Sanford, absorbs me deeply ; until I saw her, and one other person whom I must not name I never dreamed that my mercurial essence could be depressed by the haze of sentiment.— So young, so beautiful, of rank so elevated, yet wearing the blank aspect of a wanderer in a fantastic region, bewildered by unintelligible objects ! There was a hovering of flutterers around her. I longed for a witch’s staff to convert them into real butterflies, and to transform the coved apartment, its festoons of radiance and sumptuous addenda, into a cottage with small *furnitory*, which I would sequester in that flower of Islands—Dinis—with none of human-born to grace it but Fanny Berrington, and this sweet stranger. She is just the creature one would like to treasure up and fondle. A passing smile did *sometimes* gild the lovely face, glancing like a sun-beam on a statue, then she would look like one of those who ‘with the

incorporal air do hold discourse,'—a laughing light.—What can have snapped her thread of joyousness? Lord Sanford seems as fond a husband as fashion will permit, and the family Galen, who stood 'like his grandsire cut in alabaster,' scrutinizing the angelic novelty, informed me, that he (Lord Sanford) is a doting father. The Marquis—*mon futur*—is head nurse; nay, the Dowager, (for Dowager I fear she will be 'spite of my orisons), shares the family fervor, and stalks daily to the baby dormitory, prescribing with her solemn coadjutor (Doctor Oldstyle) some dietetic process for this 'heir of all the Capulets.' Thus there is no lapse in ceremony—yet I have a foreboding of—I don't know what."

"Lady Dellival never left her young sister for a moment; the latter regarded our superb Dictatress with an eye that poor Prince Arthur might have fixed on his tormentors; a perturbed, imploring, frightened earnestness—Once, by adroit manœuvre, I got inside the imperial swarm and ventured to address her—Why Ireland came pat upon my tongue is wonderful: tourists, perhaps, are fond of shewing up their

gleanings. Had she caught a signal to rejoin her seraph-kin she could not have brightened into more rapturous expression.

‘In Ireland! travelling in Ireland! did you visit the Esk?—Adragole?—were you near glen—’

“Lady Sanford let me present you to Prince Schwarzenval,’ said our *Premiere*, in her mausoleum tone—I never was so furious in my life—Just as I had won a beam of notice to be foiled by this ‘cold obstruction!’ I perceived however that Lady Sanford was as moodful as myself; she turned her sybil eyes on Lady Dellival—Why did I quail while the stoic Peeress went calmly through the ceremony of presentation?—I did tremble, for I again detected that ominous sparkle of unsettled light which had before perplexed me—What *can* it prognosticate.”

“There were others present who might have passed for beautiful, but before the dazzling charms of Lady Sanford they faded into utter insignificance. Our gilt-edged beaux strained to emerge from common-place in tendering homage to this new divinity. She received

their incense with downcast eyes, deep blushes, and sometimes an ineffably expressive gesture of impatience. 'Tis very odd—man delighteth me not, but woman doth!—I could never dote upon a bearded beauty. This Lady Sanford comes between me and our enterprise.

“Are your faculties propitious?—are you fabricating?—have you a spare murder, or a suicide, to dispose of on easy terms, or a genteel robbery? I cannot diversify; every puppet of my brain turns into Lady Sanford. I'll blot her out by bringing in another Pythia—tell your sister that I sigh for the quiet sanctities of her little studio; she may rejoice me by acknowledging this missive, should *you* have wandered to 'woody Morven,' or to the sky-blue maid of streamy Luvius,

‘Phyllis, Phyllis

Fairer far than Amaryllis!’

a pretty commence for a bucolic; you may have it gratis.

“I dine to day in state, and must screw my visage to the doleful. Next autumn (provided

we make a hit) I invite myself to feast and fun with ' the Callaghans, Brallaghans.'

" Farewell—ever your poor subsidiary,

" FANNY BERRINGTON."

I had not finished this desultory epistle when a low tap and a whispered, "'tis I," announced Helen.

" Monimia told me you were ill Walter—you *are* ill; your hands are burning—a letter! —'tis all over!"

" Indeed 'tis scarcely worse than we imagined," I replied.

She read the letter breathlessly; I dreaded to hear her comments. " And no friend near her!" she ejaculated—" not one!"

" Fielding," said I, " will have received—"

She interrupted me by pointing to some crossed lines which I had overlooked.

" I might have speculated with our friend," said Miss Berrington, " upon the causes of Lady Sanford's singular depression. Fielding and Sanford used to be acquainted; but (and without a valediction,) our philosopher has left

the kingdom, omitting even to defray, by a line of thanks, the portage of that huge packet I so carefully transmitted him. Never cumber me again with freights for the ungrateful!"

"Then all *is* lost!" I cried; "she is under management which will destroy her!"

"All is not lost," said Helen; "a ray of hope appears—another friend—Miss Berrington is not the frivolous person I imagined: through this levity I descry indications of a feeling heart; I will confide in her."

"What all?" said I.

"To divulge the whole of our sad story," replied Helen, "would be to divide those sympathies which I wish to concentrate on Marion. I will reveal only so much as necessity requires—it is our last resource. We must act boldly and at once—without some one to counteract the influence of the cold, the obstinate, and selfish, Marion's enfeebled reason may, indeed, give way. Miss Berrington is the intimate of Lady Dellival: she is ingenious, and may become the best physician. To relink Marion, even remotely, with the friends they so unwisely part her from, is essential. What we appre-

hend may be averted. There is still an hour to post—do not interrupt me.”

She drew my little table to her, and began to write. I watched without being capable of thought, the progress of her pen—the creaking of a stair beneath a heavy tread disturbed us—my aunt entered.

“Well, I knew I heard some one overhead. A letter!—is it from Marion?—are you stricken dumb?—has she seen Lady Dellival—answer me at once—has she?”

“Marion has seen Lady Dellival,” said I.

My aunt impatiently snatched up Miss Berrington’s letter—“Who is this from?—I can’t make head or tail of it.” She turned to the signature—“Who is Fanny Berrington?”

Secrecy was no longer possible—Helen’s look was sufficiently admonitory: she continued to write, while I related in an undertone the leading circumstances of our acquaintanceship with Miss Berrington, and with these became entangled my casual interview with Lady Dellival. Every incident in my narrative, even Helen’s project, seemed subordinate to this interview in the amazement it excited.

“Lady Dellival!—are you quite sure it was Lady Dellival?—But go on, go on; I am curious to hear of this fine lady—so she took you for a—go on, go on.”

The next mark of admiration was elicited by the alms her ladyship had flung me.

“Walter,” said my aunt gravely, “*you* are romancing too; it is beyond belief that Lady Dellival should fling your father’s son a shilling!”

“Remember my poverty-stricken appearance aunt,” said I.

My aunt, as it seemed, could remember nothing but the insult; angry tears started to her eyes; she dashed them off to look at me more earnestly, imbibing with every partial glance fresh food for indignation. To obliterate this dire annoyance I went on with my story, but her attention did not become fixed until I mentioned the return of Lady Dellival, and, by digression, remarked on her enquiries which evinced a disposition to notice us. The countenance of my auditress assumed a sarcastic expression, most foreign to its natural one as she muttered—“*Notice you!*”—I gave her Miss

Berrington's first letter; she read it, but her mind seemed dwelling upon other matters; its enclosure drew a faint ejaculation, and a blessing upon Helen; but the second letter banished her rankling contemplations: she struggled to suppress her sobs, devouring the lines and, unconsciously, giving utterance to her thoughts—"Marion moodful!—Marion!—the larks themselves were not so merry!—Elevated rank! what is their pomp to her!—my poor, poor child!—if you knew but all—What!—he gone too!—left the kingdom!"

She dropped the letter surveying us with a despairing look. Helen paused in her occupation to relate rapidly what we had decided on; adding, "unless you disapprove."

"Alas child!" said my aunt, "can *I* approve or disapprove?—these things confound the earthly-minded."

"We may afflict ourselves without a cause," said I, trying to force consolation from a tongue hitherto so prompt with it. "Marion's situation is irksome, because new; her depression may proceed from—"

"A burdened spirit!" said my aunt—"She

yearns after old affections ; to uproot them is to uproot life ; can a broken mind bear up against perpetual restraint ? There is a crisis at hand you must prepare for. I have many things to settle with Fitzgerald—he dreaded so the meeting with that *charitable* lady—it would not frighten *me*—in your case perhaps—But I am doubtful of advice ; you must ask for higher guidance.—Our old age will be desolate if you and Helen do not act with firmness.”

She left us ; her last words were flurried and ambiguous ; the acidity of her reference to Lady Dellival was not in keeping with her general forbearance, nor, as I considered, justified by an offence originating in a very natural mistake, and one which I myself upon review, had laughed at. I fancied also that she was dissatisfied with our arrangements—there is a bantering tone, thought I, in Miss Berrington’s style, which perplexes a mind so matter-of-fact as my good aunt’s : she thinks our volatile acquaintance unsuited to the trust. I pondered on what I considered to be the prominent features of the lady’s character, until they

seemed to approximate to those of Sanford. Her kindly impulses might be as evanescent as were his—"Helen," said I, "stop one moment."

"Not half a moment," replied Helen, who was already hurriedly folding her long letter—"Here—you will just have time to seal it—how you tremble!—I will go with it myself."

Before this letter could have reached Miss Berrington we received the following.

"In good sooth is November a suicidal month, and this a day when one may 'creep into the jaundice by being peevish.' I write for mere exhaustion of my bitter fancies—Forgive this egotism; 'tis inhuman to disturb you with my *penserosos*, but babbling gives one such relief.—That interesting, unhappy, Lady Sanford!—I will keep my eyes dry and my paper fair, if possible, for dismal thoughts crowd on, to make this letter of a sad, sad countenance—The awful riddle is expounded—she is deranged!—horrid word!—it fell like an ice-bolt on me. Envidable as she was thought!—Ah! Mr. Fitzgerald, who is to be envied? who commiserated?—Can we penetrate to the

secret springs of joy and wo?—I saw her but once since I wrote to you, peerless in a crowd of beauties. She recognised me instantly, and drew me to her with such a smile! She would question me upon my travels, but there was always some fretful interruption—Alas! alas! the cause of that ominously bright eye-flash is now revealed; it was the index of fitful moods, the forerunner of delirium. The more virulent features of her fatal malady appeared soon after—there is an end to my *facetiae* for an age, at very least.

“I suggested gentle treatment and appliances I knew to be composing, but Lady Dellival tells me there was tendency to insanity before her marriage; therefore little hope: and Dr. Oldstyle, the family regulator, drops his solemn jaw when I hold discourse of her recovery. He is so wedded to his antiquated code, I have no faith in him—If Fielding were but here!—They speak of removing her to an *Asylum*—what a perversion of the word!—Is such a creature to be given over to a doltish keeper?—Lord Sanford, it seems, requires a little overruling—a little!

“ You would not wonder that I am chafed had you beheld her—innocent, helpless creature! by her very failing made more affecting!—Has she no relatives?—she was married, it is said, in Greece. I beset Lord Dellival—he spoke of danger to the child—I grew heated—my importunity was drowned by an asthmatic peal of coughs.

“ As to Lord Sanford, his selfishness is a coat of mail; he fancies himself broken-hearted, and covers his dry eyes with a convenient handkerchief.—The child is all he thinks of—and my Lady, and her Doctor, seem as much enamoured of the brat. I wish the thing in Heaven!—Could you but see the Seraph creature they talk so coolly of incarcerating!

“ I visited with Fielding, some months ago, one of these moral lazarus-houses—blots upon our social institutions.—Pitying Heaven! nothing human could hold out against such horrors—the creak of bolts, the clank of chains, the chorus of wild shrieks and sobs!—cells, or rather kennels, that exhale a noisome effluvia—straw beds or none—loopholes barbarously

grated. Our dogged conductor, with far less intelligence than many of those so mercilessly guarded, leered fatuitously as he shook his whip before the eyes of the poor aliens, who looked up to us with such imploring sorrow, uttering a faint lament.—Oh Sir! truly I could have ‘wept my spirit from mine eyes.’—They were silenced with a blow, a gag, a word of horrible reviling! I wish I could transfer these facts to fiction, but they are *upon record**—Shall we live to witness a subversion of these Moloch practises?—Do they think that loss of reason involves loss of feeling? Is wretchedness a mark for outrage?—the finest nerves are shattered soonest; to me there is a sanctity in those blighted creatures; I would not approach a paragon of gifted intellect with half the reverence, the cautious delicacy, that I would Lady Sanford.

* See the Parliamentary reports of 1815 and 1816 on this subject. The extreme horrors there attested to, are too startling even for fiction. Of late years the condition of the insane both as to moral and physical treatment has undergone vast amelioration. Still there is scope for the improvements even

“Farewell Sir—my subject banishes all pretence of liveliness—I have been led imperceptibly from the chief object of my letter, which was to enquire whether Mr. Fielding had acquainted you with his address.”

This letter drew no tears—agony has none. We instantly determined on our procedure. Helen, indeed, governed by an awful foreshadowing of the event, had made secret preparations. I left to her the trying office of disclosure, and hastened to the quay: the more convenient packet had left that morning, but there was a trading vessel bound direct to London, which would complete her lading in the afternoon. I prevailed upon the Captain to take on board two passengers, and in a few hours we were embarked.

Not the slightest opposition was made to our departure: the pressure of distress seemed to have caused a ruggedness of feeling: no complaint was uttered, no regret. My uncle at the

now meditated by the enlightened and benevolent—Well may these agents of mercy be styled “The Stewards of Providence.”

first was bravest : he rallied his failing energies and bade his wife make ready to accompany us. My aunt, with cool persistency, disregarded a purpose the execution of which his bodily weakness made impracticable, urged him to address Lady Dellival by letter, and busied herself with arrangements for our voyage, denying herself the consolation of a tear, and prohibiting farewell. The letter was committed to me with a solemn, and, what I considered a superfluous exhortation, to be resolute.

Slauveen had left us the day before to visit his mother ; our scant luggage, therefore, was deposited on board by Katy and Phil Nabbs—we had not seen the boy for some weeks ; he looked sullen, and made no response to our good bye.

Seated on a coil of rope we waved our hands to the weeping household of the Vulcan, who had attended us to the Quay, sobbing their apprehensions that we would forget them when among our *grand connexions*. Alas ! they little knew the grandeur we were going to. Mr. Bullock had tried to thrust a bank-note into my hand, discrediting my assurances that we

had ample funds—"I hoped you might have been my children," said Mrs. Bullock, "but wishing wo'n't make people fall in love with one another." Even Quinilla was drowned in tears. A thick snow haze was falling—we caught the last faint "God be with you," and the vessel pursued its course in dreary twilight.

When real grief absorbs you how contemptible appear those minor vexations which in your vacant hours engender fretfulness. Of all the petty crosses and privations of our voyage we felt only the tediousness. The wind was adverse; we were ten days on the passage, ten days of that mortal tribulation which physical suffering can hardly heighten. It was evening when we moored in the Thames. The Captain, a blunt, honest man, pitying our inexperience and apparent friendlessness, offered us an asylum for the night. I accepted his kindness gratefully—Helen had scarcely slept since our embarkation, and in the strange confusion which assailed us it was necessary, we saw, to take more guarded measures than our ignorance had contemplated.

I walked towards the luggage to identify our

little property ; it was almost dark ; I rubbed my eyes, doubting the sense that evidenced to the apparition of Phil Nabbs astride upon our packages.

“ Child,” exclaimed Helen, “ how wicked to desert your parents !”

“ ’Tis *themselves* is the deserter,” said Phil sullenly.

“ Your poor father and mother !” continued Helen—“ think of their heart-breaking when they found you gone !”

“ Dad’s dead an’ Mam’s married,” said Phil, gulping either wrath or sorrow. “ There’s nobody but Breesthough will crack their hearts for Philly !”

The dog and child were so conjoined in my ideas, that I now expected to see the turnspit limp from some lurking hole—“ Your father dead ! your mother—Child you are deceiving us.”

“ May be so,” said Phil, “ may be Neddy Nabbs isn’t buried low enough in Friar’s-lane church-yard—may be I didn’t pray to God to put me wid him there.” His burst of grief could not be counterfeit.

“ And your mother ? ”

“ Didn’t I tell you she married the new turnkey,—a bigger thief than them he watches—just a fortnight after Dad was buried.—He wanted some one handy to the place, a *skin-adher* !—What could I do but cry my eyes out upon Neddy’s grave ?—They thrashed me, and I runned away from um. I thought to myself how lost you’d be to fetch the letters, so I coaxed Jim Cross the mate, my father’s uncle’s mother’s son, to give me just a praty-mouthful an’ a hole to cry in.”

Our own anxieties were too urgent to permit our sifting the truth of this averment. The mate had gone ashore : the Captain said he had thought the boy belonged to us, but as Phil could make himself useful in many ways he promised for the present to take charge of him.

CHAPTER XI.

No one greets the way-worn stranger,
No one gives the warm shake hand,
No child laughs out so lightly
As at home in Erin-land!

WHILE we discussed his future destination Phil had slipped his fingers through the handles of our boxes, and looked resolute to follow us, with leave or without. A boat landed us at Tower-stairs. Our host led the way to an humble domicile which was situated near the landing place, and having ushered us into a dingy parlour, and introduced us to a matronly house-keeper, with a command to make us comfortable, he returned to his ship. We had thus leisure to consult together undisturbed.

In our previous discussions the chances of this late arrival had been overlooked, but it gave us time to reconsider our plans. We both felt an unaccountable misgiving as to the prudence of presenting ourselves at Dellival House without some indication of what might have followed the events related by Miss Berrington. This misgiving was quite distinct from personal timidity or diffidence. The cause we had in hand would be yielded up to no haughty or austere assumption : if Lord Sanford would not protect his wife we were her protectors : no contemptuous aspect of stubborn or arbitrary authority should compel us to surrender our rights, not even to the superb dictatorship of Lady Dellival. The importance of my mission had elevated me above constitutional weakness : my nervous tremors were completely mastered ; I reposed with full security on my strength of mind, and Helen's gentle unobtrusive air, veiled a firmness of purpose not to be baffled by the most imposing aspect. But my aunt had, I know not how, by vague remarks impressed us with the necessity of mingling caution with plain dealing : therefore the result of our conference

was, that as Miss Berrington must ere this have received Helen's confidential letter, we would trust to her agency for an introduction to Lady Dellival.

A note was quickly penned, but on consulting with the housekeeper we found it was too late for "the twopenny," and could not reach Baker-street before noon the following day. Here was another unanticipated mischance: we were utter novices as to localities and distances in the great metropolis, conceiving of London only as of Cork, and thinking Baker-street as attainable from Tower-hill as was the Mall from the Main-street. Helen faltered something of a messenger: the housekeeper glanced at a little Dutch clock that hung between two bookshelves, and hinted that her master's door was always locked before eleven: it wanted but a quarter: the post was much the readiest conveyance; she would undertake to send the letter by the earliest delivery.

When might we expect an answer?

Not before two or three o'clock.

We surveyed each other in blank dismay—to be in London and to be with Marion had

been identical in our ideas—but there was no help for it. Helen's sigh was echoed by Phil Nabbs, who had dodged the housekeeper, watching an opportunity to be useful—" 'Tis a pitiful place I'm thinking," said the boy—"How beautiful they bring things about in Cork ! I banged our letters into post, and back I brought the answer ready made."

In a state of high excitement one hardly feels fatigue—But for Helen I would have adventured forth upon the instant. The little chamber I was shewn to, contrasted with the close ship's cabin, looked refreshing, and after hours of earnest meditation I at length slept heavily.

Voices outside my chamber awoke me. I recognised the housekeeper in a complaining key, and our host's rougher but milder tones. Eight solemn strokes, preluded by a running jingle, boomed from a neighbouring steeple. It was late, but our note was on its journey—I dressed myself, still revolving the propriety of a personal and prompt application to Miss Berrington, and descended to the parlour. Helen was there—we debated and debated, ever recurring

to the insupportable hours which must elapse before an answer could arrive, yet ever fearful of encreasing the term of suspense, or missing the result we prayed for, by indiscreet precipitancy—Our spirits began to flag—the day was cheerless—heavy rain pattered against the flag-stones of a desolate back-yard which the parlour window looked into. We had half decided on sending for a coach and following the note, when our host entered. The necessary interchange of thanks and civilities was a relief; he insisted on our sharing his breakfast, adding, “unless your friends are advised of your arrival.” The word ‘friends’ sounded strangely—our countenances, I believe, said plainly “we have none,” for our kind entertainer rang for breakfast, and strenuously overruled my wish to depart. I mentioned our having written to an acquaintance and the anxiety we felt for a reply.

“Perhaps you apprehend a squall,” he replied—“Then lay aboard somewhat to brace you—how is that delicate soul to weather a gale fasting?”

Thus exhorting us, he helped Helen profusely

to the substantial fare now spread out by the housekeeper, whose morning face looked cloudy as the day. Our host was too hungry and we too much abstracted to keep up a conversation. I took an opportunity of arranging for our passage, &c., and was about to make a deposit for Phil Nabbs until his destination should be fixed, when the housekeeper re-entered and enquired for the note—I stared at her aghast; it had, I thought, performed half its journey; the clock hand pointed to ten.—“ Surely,” she resumed, replying to my look of consternation, “ I saw you place it on this shelf last night. I should not have forgotten it, but the boy you brought here, stole away this morning before day-light, and left the door ajar. I was in such a flurry till I found he hadn’t robbed us!—my master bade me say nothing of the matter until after breakfast.”

The riddle was read—Phil had carried off the billet.

“ Confound the urchin,” said our host, “ he will lose it, or lose himself.”

I was not so apprehensive of these results, for I knew the boy’s shrewdness and locomotion.

tive powers. I also knew that however careless of turbans and such frippery inventions, Phil was an enthusiast in letters.—This however was a case of too much moment to be referred to the chance of an inexperienced Irish boy threading the mazes between Tower-hill and Baker-street, which our host enumerated to satisfy our eager questions. I was rather pleased that something had occurred to decide us on the course we had wished to adopt of proceeding immediately to Miss Berrington's. A coach was sent for, but a peal of knocks interrupted our leave-taking—The housekeeper bustled to the door—"Is Mr. Fitzgerald here?"

It was Papilio—perceiving me he waved his arm, and a carriage drove up—Miss Berrington alighted. The Captain respectfully withdrew, as our visitor sprang forward to embrace Helen. She seemed in breathless excitement—"How fortunate that you are equipped!—we must not waste a moment, not one moment—In, in," she added drawing Helen to the carriage—"whatever you may leave unsettled shall be arranged when I send for your packages."

Papilio put up the step and waited for directions. "Have you nerve?" said Miss Berrington, "can you bear—?" she hesitated.

"Any thing better than added suspense," said Helen.

"Then drive to Dellival House."

We moved on rapidly.

"Now," resumed Miss Berrington, pressing Helen's hand, "now I may take breath, but I must not use it to dilate upon the 'hundred thousand welcomes' I am overflowing with. Forgive my rudeness; the least delay might have frustrated a plan formed on the instant I received your note, a plan to rescue your sister from—I must not gloss it—from—a mad-house! That boy should be effigied in marble!—Do not interrupt me; I have hardly time to make myself intelligible. Your letter, which I received some days ago, was quite explanatory; it so encreased my interest for Lady Sanford that, in contempt of freezing looks, I forced myself into the councils of her autocratic rulers. What I won by hardihood I retained by circumspection, assenting merely to extort amendments, and contriving to look careless while my

heart was throbbing. I wrote to offer you my house, anticipating the result of my last communication, but the present crisis puts an end to my protectorship. I will varnish nothing. Lady Sanford is worse ; her child is removed to Castle Dellival. She has been hitherto guarded by females, but they declare themselves unequal to the task—firmer hands and hearts are therefore necessary, and her removal to a private asylum has been decided on. I hinted, warily, at the justice of consulting her family on the projected measure. I was silenced by an assurance that her derangement had its source in home associations. Their reasonings and proceedings seemed to me the reverse of Fielding's, but I dared not risk the vantage-ground I had acquired by opposing our sapient Doctor. My grand object was to procrastinate the removal until I could communicate with you. For this end, secretly, but ostensibly to spare their lacerated feelings, I became their negotiator with the overseer of the asylum, and racked my brain for hindrances. Alas ! delirium almost ungovernable supervened to justify their harsh measure. I was harassed, nervous,

and at last gave in, still harbouring a vague hope of what has happened—your arrival. It was decided that Lady Sanford should be conveyed away to-night. Lord and Lady Dellival, with Lord Sanford, left town yesterday for the treble purpose of visiting the beloved heir, hiding their delicate distress, and escaping the parting scene. I was glad to get rid of them, and promised, with a secret reservation, to superintend the removal.

“ This very morning I was perusing your letter for the twentieth time, to extract from it, if possible, some plea as yet unurged against this horrible incarceration, when Papilio entered with the astounding intelligence that the Cork boy, Phil Nabbs, had begged his way to London with a letter, which he would give to no one but myself. I soon obliterated the distance between me and our messenger-bird—Excitement clears the intellect—To introduce you as relatives of Lady Sanford would be to circumvent your purpose ; your authority cannot supersede a husband's, and our grand Inquisitor might pronounce your intervention dangerous : but the recent perusal of your letter, in

conjunction with your note inspired a project, that will, if you have courage, unite you to your sister.

“Doctor Oldstyle, is installed at Dellival House until Lady Sanford be removed. He is an author, and deems me, as a member of the *press-gang*, worth propitiating. While my carriage was preparing I wrote to inform him that I had just heard of a young person who professed herself experienced in the treatment of insanity, having managed, successfully, paroxysms as stubborn and violent as Lady Sanford’s. There was a brother too, I added, whose assistance might be had, if necessary : at all risks I would conduct my protégés to Dellival House, reckoning on his amiable tolerance, and in the event of a failure, I would co-operate without demur in the more decided plan. My statement of your capabilities was, I think, correct ; the methods which restored your sister once, may, be again effective—But we draw near ; have I done right ?—Do you concur ?”

“Concur !” said Helen, throwing her arms around Miss Berrington—I was half inclined to do the same.

“Hush!” said our friend,” you must not shed a tear.—courage!—prepare yourselves—a few yards more and—But let me look at you; I wish, just for to day, that your face were as homely as your garb.” She flung her own black veil over Helen’s bonnet, arranging the folds hurriedly—“Now Mr. Fitzgerald, let me examine *you*.”—a half smile combated the gravity of her countenance as she saw me shrink from the inspection—“I am not going to compliment you,” she said, “though really were Lady Delival’s scrutinizing eye fastened on you now, she could not repeat her offensive blunder—pray be ungentlemanlike if possible—put on your hat.”

The carriage stopped; her brilliant color vanished—“Support your sister—recollect that every thing depends on self-possession—we are acting no nefarious part, and need not tremble.”

While she was speaking we alighted, and were received into a spacious mansion; had it been the palace of the Cæsars I should have taken no note of its magnificence—I was only conscious that we ascended marble stairs, and traversed a pillared corridor. Miss Berrington preceded

us, closely following a servant, and motioning us on, as if she were afraid of some authoritative check—We entered a second corridor: paintings and sculpture were passed unheeded by—As we approached the termination of the gallery an elderly gentleman of grave deportment met us.

“Ah Doctor!” said Miss Berrington, “how well you look!—I was so sure you would concede, that I brought hither both my aids.”

“Young lady you are daring; think of my responsibility; my professional reputation is at stake.”

“I’ll write an ode upon it,” said Miss Berrington—“Will you attend a meeting of literary *Lions* which I call next month?—consent, consent—*le roi le veut!*—Have I your permission?”—She half turned the handle of a door.

“You are absolute young lady, but my reputation, my reputation!—mischief will ensue;”—his voice sank into a whisper—“she requires the coercing eye of Lady Dellival—her attendants are worn out.”

“Well, well, we will relieve them,” said

Miss Berrington.—“how thoughtful you are!—let me spare you the trouble of dismissing them—You feel no apprehension?” she added, quickly turning to Helen.

“Not the least; but my brother’s assistance may be necessary,” replied Helen, with astonishing composure.

“Then Doctor,” said Miss Berrington, let us not appropriate too much of your invaluable time; this is your visiting hour; my carriage waits—will you use it without ceremony? There is a curious disquisition upon Mesmer’s magnetism in the right-hand pocket—Be sure you give us the benefit of your advice when you return”—She looked at her watch—“Bless me!—how late! I pray attend the Doctor,” she continued, addressing the servant—“You will give me your opinion of that pamphlet Doctor—it may induce a treatise from your pen on these mysterious influences.”

Without further parley she opened the door, beckoning us to follow—We entered a narrower gallery—Miss Berrington turned quickly—“I bar interruption for the present,” said she drawing a bolt.

It seemed as if we were treading a different locale; the tessellated flooring, pictures, and statues were cut off; we descended several stairs. A low moaning sound broke on us. Miss Berrington stopped at the side door of a gloomy passage, and knocked. The signal was answered by a hard-featured woman: they conversed in whisper for several minutes—Helen grasped my arm; we followed our conductress through one chamber, through another; the door of a third was half open; Miss Berrington fell back, restraining us from entering, but giving us a view of the interior.

A female in a loose white robe was sitting on a couch in a recess of the apartment; her forehead was bound by a fillet which was spotted with blood; her arms appeared drawn back to a constrained position, her hair streamed loosely, her face was haggard, the lip and cheek without a shade of difference; her eyes were fixed and wide, but the lucid pupils seemed dilated and insensible: she looked as if occupied with a shadowy world, and intent only upon the objects within her mental sphere of vision—and this was Marion!

I turned to Miss Berrington ; she was weeping—I viewed again the ghastly figure—and this was the petted nursling whose joyous laugh shed gladness round us !—The beautiful outline, the bright redundant hair were all that told of Marion !—I would have rushed forward, but Miss Berrington caught my arm, and a woman who had been hidden by the window-jamb approached.

“ How is she ? ” whispered Miss Berrington.

“ Violent ; unmanageable all the morning Ma’am ; raving of people no one ever heard of —When we threatened her with the keeper she struck her forehead against the window-bar—you see those bars were useful after all—she would have dashed her neck through glass !—Mrs. Brice put on the straitener—so unruly !—no body can frighten her but Lady Dellival. Now indeed one of her trances is upon her, she is as quiet as a babe, but I wouldn’t pass another night without a keeper for—”

A deep sigh burst from the poor maniac.

“ That rude implement hurts her,” said Miss Berrington.

“ Bless you ! she can’t feel Ma’am, and if she did, what can one do ? ”

"Mrs. Brice will inform you of our arrangements," said Miss Berrington; "you may go; these persons take your watch to night."

"They should have stout arms then," muttered the woman with a shrug—"Better put her where a chain will save their labour."

I looked after the inhuman wretch wishing that she were not woman. Helen had fallen on her knees and buried her head between her hands. Miss Berrington, with her finger held up, seemed to mark the retreating footsteps of the guard; the sound died away; the beating of our hearts was audible—Marion's aspect remained frightfully changeless.

At length the bloodless lips began to move; an effort was made to disengage the arms; there was a rapid quivering of the eye-lids: Marion spoke in an under breath but with palpitating earnestness—"Take it Grace—hide it!—'tis *my* child!—they hold me; they won't let me touch it—Take it to the sheeling—Where's Slauveen?—give him the child—Walter won't come—Helen won't come.—Look Granny; they force my wedding ring upon my arms.—Oh! that was a weary bodement!—

'Tis crying : hush it Grace ; the Marchioness will hear !”

She began a low wailing lullaby, interrupted by disjointed soothings—“Hush child!—the Marchioness will kill you ; she killed me ; she killed me in my sleep-life years ago.—Hush ! Grace will nurse you ; Grace will speak of your dead mother : no one else will—Poor aunt ! uncle !—I love you all, even in my grave—Oh ! babe will you come with me to Heaven ?”

I was stealing towards her, but a wild scream transfixed me ; the face I gazed on became convulsed, yet the eyes remained steadfast to their chilling glare ; the voice grew sharp—the frame seemed to shrink and to collapse—the prayerful sentences were changed to heart-freezing ejaculations. Instinctively I closed my eyes ; some one drew me back and held me firmly : when I looked up again, Helen was standing behind her sister.

Marion’s exclamations continued to be poured forth with awful vehemence, while her eyes now rolled in pursuit of some impalpable oppressor.—“I will not be chained ! I am dead—I *am* dead—look, there’s the coffin—feel—

dead, quite dead—cold. Ye are mad!—chain me! can you chain a spirit?—Poor child! don't strangle it. Ah! save me, save me! don't bring the keeper!"

I struggled to reach her, but I was tightly held; a voice whispered—"Is this the self-command you promised?—Will you destroy both your sisters?"

I became dumb and passive, watching with strained eyes the movements of Helen. She gathered her veil in closer folds, and for a moment raised her clasped hands. Marion's face was pressed against an arm of the couch; her short thick pant was harrowing.

"Is it your pleasure that I should bind up your hair, Lady Sanford?" said Helen, in a feigned voice. Marion raised her head slowly; Helen stooped forward—"Will you be gentle if I remove these ligatures?"

"Very—very gentle indeed, Madam," said Marion, crouching before her sister like a frightened child.

Helen removed the bonds and made a signal that I should keep upon the watch; but Marion was perfectly docile. To my inexperienced

judgment a miracle seemed operated. Miss Berrington shook her head when I glanced at her—"Now Lady Sanford," said Helen, "let me bathe your forehead; you have hurt it.—First I will fasten up this hair."

"Thank you," said Marion; "it blinds me—Helen and I used to do that for each other once—we shall not do it any more—Will you wipe my eyes?—they are full of blood—I think my brain is hurt; it was the window-bar—these women are mad—they chained me—may I go home to-day, Lady Dellival?"

The hair was bound up with a steady hand; Miss Berrington brought a lotion from the outer chamber; Helen took it, and drew closer to her sister. Marion recoiled, but submitted. I now perceived that she was under the influence of extreme terror. The bruised forehead was gently bandaged—"Thank you Madam, thank you, Lady Dellival," said Marion, rising and curtsying—"May I see my child?—I promise not to touch him."

"Not to-day," said Helen; "you are not well."

"I am very well indeed; I only ask to look

at him before I go to Heaven—let me go to Heaven, Madam ; this coffin is so dark.” She grasped Helen’s hand whispering—“ You know you killed me in my sleep-life, but I’ll not speak of it in Heaven—May I kiss my child ?”

“ Your wound disfigures you,” said Helen—“ you would frighten him.”

“ Should I ?” said Marion--“ Can you cure it?—the Doctor can ; he cured my arm—look.” She drew up her wrapping gown ; the wasted and discolored arm was eagerly displayed—“ Look—the mark is gone—bring him—will you ?”

I know not what impelled me, but while she continued to coax her sister I drew my hat over my face, approached, and deliberately took her hand.

“ The pain is here, Sir,” said Marion, hastily withdrawing her hand and pointing to her forehead—“ ’tis all here.”

“ You are feverish,” said I, imitating Helen’s precaution—“ you must sleep.”

“ No, no,” said Marion, pushing ‘me from her—“ no sleep, no sleep ; they *shall not* screw me in that coffin—no sleep, no sleep !”

I now perceived that leather straps had been affixed to this couch or rather cradle-bed ; their application was not doubtful—"Barbarous !" I muttered.

Marion's eyes were fixed on me ; between the quick, tremulous vibrations I detected flashes of satisfaction—"Very barbarous indeed Sir ; they bruise me so—they will not believe that I am dead—these are the fingers of a skeleton—whisper !—that woman," pointing to Helen, "that woman there in black killed me years ago—well, it was nothing ; I was the sooner happy, I went to Heaven—how beautiful !—I sat upon the mountain heath ; trees were planted all around ; a lake twinkled through the branches : the sky was bluish crystal ; through it I could see other Heavens, with trees and mountains too. The clouds were the spray of waterfalls ; there was no glaring sun, but a soft, kind, light.—I could sleep then—hush ! was in the trees ; hush ! was in the lake ; the fairy wings said ' hush !' Children used to chirp there, like birds—aye in the robber-castle—laughing children ; not like *my* poor child—he never laughs !—I loved that robber-castle Sir, 'twas built of glossy

leaves: good spirits haunted it; we platted rushes, and told ghost stories.—How happy we used to be!—A guileful spirit stole me from my Heaven-land; he left me here, alone—alone—to be tormented—Oh! it was cruel!” —She shook her head with an inward sob that made me weep like a child—“ Look, Sir”—she drew me to the window; it opened into a gloomy Court encompassed with high walls—“ Look; it is a prison—not a bit of sky, not a tree!—barred, like my uncle’s. I never wronged any one; I took no money from that man. They told me I was rich, but I am poor; very very poor indeed—I cannot pay the debt—may I go home to Heaven; may I Sir?” She fell upon her knees, raising her emaciated hands, imploringly.

“ You *shall* go home,” said I passionately—a warning “ hem,” restored my caution—“ You shall go home Lady Sanford when you get well.”

Marion shook her head—“ *He* promised me so often; you deceive me too.”

“ I do not; if you will be patient and obey; you shall go home.

"Must I lie down in that coffin?" said Marion, shuddering.

Helen left the room. The quick eye of the poor maniac was turned to the door—"She's gone; let us steal away; she's gone to bring the keeper; he has a scourge; I am not mad; Lady Dellival is mad."

"That is not Lady Dellival," said I; "it is a person I have brought to make you well and fit for home; you shall not be bound or threatened any more."

"Speak again," said Marion; "to-day I like to hear your voice; yet I know you are not telling truth; nobody tells truth here."

"I am not deceiving you; that person is not Lady Dellival; she is here to nurse you; if you implicitly obey, you will recover strength enough to be taken home."

Marion seemed to ponder as if she were seeking a meaning for my words—she put her hand to her forehead—"Ah! I remember—here is pain, great pain—nurse me?—yes, my forehead—it is those people that are mad."

I heard a low summons, and led her to the ante-room—it had been hastily arranged by

Helen and Miss Berrington—there was no horrible insignia of coercion ; the window was ungrated—We laid the blameless sufferer upon a bed—she seemed absorbed in passive wonder. Helen lay down beside her and softly patted the wasted hand—the familiar touch acted as an opiate ; gradually the troubled spirit was becalmed : she slept profoundly.

CHAPTER XII.

What checks the sigh the anguished sob ?
What soothes of wakefulness the care ?
Subdues the murmur, calms the throb
Of worldly fretfulness ?

Tis prayer !

When by despondency oppressed,
And all around us seems to wear
The hue of hopelessness, no rest
The heart receives till stirred

To prayer.

I withdrew with Miss Berrington to the outer room. There was no want of external observance; this third apartment was the salon of a suite fitted up for Lady Sanford in a remote wing of Lord Dellival's splendid mansion.

I expressed myself freely and resolutely to our invaluable friend, and we arranged our plan of operations in perfect concert. I felt no awkwardness in discussing my position, considering myself warranted by the force of cir-

cumstances in furtively entering his Lordship's house. We had used neither false statement nor disguise to effect our purpose; we were actually, what we would have been in any case, the guards of Marion: to remove us from that post would require a higher mandate than Lady Dellival's. As to Lord Sanford, I held his authority in contempt: we had written to him; we had besought him to restore Marion to her home; he had forfeited his claims when he committed her to hirelings, acting against the prayers and remonstrances of friends the wisdom of whose treatment had been proved: if he dared to question our right of guardianship I would teach him that, cipher as he might consider me, I could defend my sister. Indignation spurred into activity a latent principle, the existence of which had been hitherto unsuspected even by myself; I was the natural protector of Marion, and I would maintain my position to the last extremity. Lady Dellival I would treat with the deference due to her sex, but Lord Sanford—Twenty hearts seemed swelling in my bosom when I spoke of the calculating self-love which had withdrawn him

even from the possibility of being affected by the deplorable situation of his wife ; a creature who had been fostered by more lavish fondness, more devoted adherents, than his pampered Lordship had ever known.

While I thus commented on my noble brother, Miss Berrington's countenance betrayed surprise and alarm : she tried to moderate my indignation, suggesting the fatal consequences to Lady Sanford, which might accrue from the *éclat* of an angry rupture. I assured her, with perfect sincerity, that I would avoid such a rupture, unless opposed in my inflexible resolve to become the future guardian of my sister—We were poor, but not poorer than when we had rejected his Lordship's overtures for Marion—he had betrayed her into a clandestine marriage and abandoned her—we had not resumed our title to protect her till his was forfeited ; no human hand should separate us a second time—poverty was no hinderance—we were satisfied to labour.

My companion's countenance now wore a still more wondering expression—she again urged caution and a temporary concealment of

our relationship. I replied that I would neither conceal nor avow myself; our noble brother had considered us too humble to be consulted: we considered him too contemptible for explanation—we could not indeed retort the outrage on our feelings—his Lordship was superior to the *common* sympathies of man. For Marion's sake, only, we would temporize.

“And would you do nothing for *my* sake?” interrupted Miss Berrington, with a flash of reviving archness.

“For your sake,” I repeated warmly, “for your sake I would—”

“Put on woman's garb and spin—not a hank of flax, but a marvellous pleasant murder-tale—Ah! Mr. Fitzgerald, we must be sleeping partners in the firm of ‘Romance & Co., at present—Will the time come when I shall laugh again with both eyes?’—Her April face was really divided between tears and sunshine—“Farewell,” she added, quickly; “I must write to Fielding, for I have solid faith in his medicaments—I shall enclose the letter to Sir William, requesting him to forward it—Let me again recommend forbearance. Remember, if

you come to swords' points you compromise Fanny Berrington."

"That alone would be sufficient to restrain me," I replied, "but in cases of emergency how are we to communicate?"

"Leave that to me; I will invent a telegraph—Dr. Oldstyle shall acquaint Lady Dellival with our arrangement; it may lead her to remain at Castle Dellival until our experiment be tested—You will be served in this apartment by confidential agents—That bell reaches the attendants—since I have been deputed manager, my page of the back stairs also, by special warrant, has been made free of this retreat—Your boundary is the door you saw me bolt—Farewell—I want to look light-hearted, so I must not peep into that chamber."

Days, weeks, passed anxiously—the balance now declined at hope, now at fear—Marion's paroxysms grew less and less frequent: a flickering intelligence sometimes played over her countenance, but the vacant stupor that succeeded was the more appalling—A sudden laugh would make our hearts thrill—such as resounded when she was the usher of mirth—the next

moment a gaze blankly divested of all meaning would check the current of our blood. Helen adhered strictly to the treatment formerly pursued by Fielding, but the results were not so satisfactory—Marion's physical powers revived, but her mental functions seemed incurably impaired—Her arms acquired something of their former beautiful proportions, her complexion became dazzling and transparent—she looked like a waxen effigy of Marion. She would sit between us and describe her sojourn in Paradise, tracing out the features of the glen; stop suddenly, as if she had lost her way; survey the window, look into the dreary court, and fall into disjointed babble—To home her memory was faithful; she pictured it minutely, and recurred to it with ever encreasing fondness: it was blended with the Heaven she prayed to be restored to: but she could not recognise the sister and the brother who had been her partners in that home. This total obliteration of our lineaments from her remembrance, deeply affected me—She had lifted Helen's veil one morning; the action was too sudden to be prevented; she passed her hand over the features,

sighed out, Lady Dellival, and fell into her listless dreaminess.

We now addressed her without disguise : it was trying to hear her speak to us of ourselves once I ventured to say, "Marion I am Walter."—She looked at me angrily, repeating several times—"Walter is in Heaven"—That night she had a frenzy fit.

I slept upon the couch she used to call her coffin. Helen never left her sister's chamber : her constancy remained unshaken ; not great for an hour, heroic for a scene, but steadily, mildly, christianly, enduring. At midnight I have often heard her prayer ascend with the full flow of piety and resignation—there was no appeal to justice or compassion ; no murmuring at a fiat blamelessly incurred ; but a trustful, hopeful, supplication—"Thy will be hallowed and be done!"—It seemed the holy breathing of a sanctuary : the one sister in communion with her shadowy world, the other with Heaven.

Dr. Oldstyle's visits were short and formal : we never tried to comprehend his pedantic saws, or to develope the judgment indicated by

the solemn waving of his head. Miss Berrington was our good genius, the medium of our correspondence with Ireland, our ready and efficient aid. To prevent our voices reaching Marion I was accustomed to meet her in the passage, and there to talk over our mournful uncertainties. We had preconcerted a signal by which she intimated whether she came alone. I often listened at the door of boundary, apprehensive of some precursor of my fashionable brother, but our quiet continued undisturbed. His Lordship had a supplemental conscience which forbade him to expose his tender nerves—he owed it to himself and heir to guard against the rude shock of an encounter with his *beloved* wife, by remaining at Castle Dellival.

One day I traversed the passage more impatient than usual for Miss Berrington's signal—we had observed a change in Marion—after having sat many hours of the previous night in that moody lethargy implied by a dull, never varying gaze, she had abruptly seized my hand and pressed it to her forehead, bidding me observe it was quite well.—“ You promised, you promised,” she reiterated,—“ Home—

home—my child is gone before me—home—home !”

The tenacity of her memory on this point astonished us ; with persevering importunity she recalled my promise, looking into my face with the piteous and incessant ejaculation “home, home !” She grew feverish ; her pulse beat high, while her aspirations for futurity continued to be mingled with longings for the home on which her Heaven seemed suspended. Helen had always persisted in treating her as far as possible like a reasonable person : the wisdom of this management was now obvious—Marion listened meekly ; a glimmer of comprehension stole over her countenance while Helen discoursed of the passage homeward, of precautions and arrangements ; impatience, she observed, would only retard these arrangements. Since then Marion had been mute and tractable.

It was to impart this circumstance to Miss Berrington, and to request her advice that I was led earlier than usual to my listening-post. I had long revolved the probability of Marion’s restoration being effected by a return to the

glen: every spark of intelligence she displayed was associated with this; the strings of other recollections were snapped or tuneless, but the chord that vibrated to *home*, though sad and wild, was still melodious. Yet how loth are we to try that *last* resource which, failing, leaves us hopeless!—I paced up and down the passage revolving the ventures and contingents. Miss Berrington had once vaguely hinted that Lord Sanford's legal right to arbitrate might be interposed to set our guardianship aside—the mere suspicion of his possessing such a power was torture!—I felt immovably persuaded that if Marion were transferred to such an asylum as Miss Berrington had pictured, she would sink into fatuity. We would rather pray for her translation to Heaven!

Such fears as these were crowding fast, just then, to quicken my impatience. Minutes became important, I worked myself into a ferment of expectation. At last the door opened—"Papilio!" I exclaimed, turning from him angrily. The boy without speaking presented a letter. With an irrepressible movement of

vexation I tore it open: the contents were hurried and almost illegible.

“Lord Dellival has written to Dr. Oldstyle; he professes himself disappointed at the result of our experiment, pronounces Lady Sanford incurable, *commands her removal*, and summons the Doctor to resume his attendance on the infant heir. Lady Dellival, you perceive, is quiescent—*mais on voit les pattes du lion*—and Lord Sanford piously resigned. I leave London within an hour, for Castle Dellival, with the hope of obtaining a respite, or making a diversion: and may be absent a few days.—Use the interval with diligence, and without the slightest reference to *my* involvements; it is better *I* than *you*, should measure weapons with Lord Sanford; my *passado* shall strike home and yet not draw one jot of blood; if they cite me on charges of burglary and abduction, Pat has taught me how to prove an *alibi*; if they bluster and bring me in an accessory before the fact, I shall threaten to display them in my next *roman*.—Therefore, I repeat, take no concern for my involvements. Helen will muster

courage ; *your furioso* tendencies need the curb. I have established my telegraph ; it will convey your signals to my Mayor-domo in Baker Street, or to Captain Wood's your some hours' host on Tower Hill. I saw the latter yesterday and made arrangements for his procuring you a passage, when advised, in some commodious vessel ; there is one, he says, with fit accomodations, preparing to sail in a day or two—Sound a retreat while Marshal Berrington diverts the enemy. Doctor Oldstyle being requested to inspect his baby patient *after* the removal, I have wheedled him into inverting the order of the day, and attending me—Thus is your course made tolerably free, yet its success hangs upon a hair. My confidential Mayor-domo is instructed to obey you, and my telegraph needs no instruction. I pray for you, and shall have no peace until I hear from Helen."

The vein of pleasantry running through this letter was obviously intended to remove any scruples we might feel on the writer's account—every thing depended on energy and promptitude—Dr. Oldstyle's return would circumvent

the plan so skilfully arranged—I gave Helen the letter, and withdrew to the outer room to reconsider the project of escape—It appeared legitimate and feasible: Lord Dellival had commanded the removal of my sister from a house into which she had never entered with our participation—we only presumed to change the mode of her removal, and to place her beyond the chance of wounding the family susceptibilities—I was ready to give Lord Sanford any satisfaction he might require.

My mind being firmly made up I wrote to Captain Woods and arranged for our voyage—My letter finished, I bethought me of the telegraphic agent I was promised, but Papilio did not, in my opinion, justify our friend's commendatory notice—I doubted his trustworthiness: we had detected him in tattling to our attendants, and suspected him of loitering on important errands: even now he had impertinently intruded himself instead of awaiting my orders; and, while I wrote, amused himself with blowing into the faint embers of the fire—I did not like confiding in him, but there was no alternative—"Take this letter," said I, "to

Tower-hill and—" The boy turned round—" Phil Nabbs!—impossible!"

" *Batherskin* !" said Phil—" may be tish't I—I'm not swopped, though my clothes be— You took me for *footeen* did you!—I wondered you warn't glad to see me—sure I bobbed at you."

I could have embraced the child—There was music in his voice—even his artless, inoffensive freedom was pleasant—Out of Ireland any thing Irish to an Irishman becomes endeared: my recognition satisfied Phil, and the sight of my letter made his cheeks glow.

" Who took the letter to my lady in a jiffy?" he exclaimed, in reply to my injunctions; " sure I'm Philly Nabbs."

" But this place is so crowded," I observed; " the streets are—"

" Streets!" echoed Phil—" crowds!—did you never walk up Blarney-lane and Bandon-road o' market days?—This place ershishin!—'tis nothin' to Cork."

" And you will bring me an answer before sunset?"

“Before sunset is it!—any *brineogue* could do that—Just tell Miss Helen that our letters goes by *me* again : that’s enough !”

Our little Mercury buttoned up the packet, and with a nod of comic self-assurance vanished.

Helen acquiesced in my arrangements—When Marion slept we talked over the precautions necessary to be observed—I would leave my uncle’s letter for Lady Dellival, with one from myself, to be delivered after our departure—We wrote to Ireland and to Miss Berrington : in the midst of my solitudes I felt an honest heart-ache at the thought of parting from the latter, without even a farewell—Helen shed tears at the supposition that she might never see our faithful, cheerful, friend again—The expressions that conveyed to her assurances of never ending gratitude seemed to me cold and feeble : my store of words was inadequate to transmit the fervency of my sentiments for her.

We had calculated that Phil Nabbs had only reached Tower-hill when he returned—The answer was satisfactory—our berths were secured, with due attention to the comforts of an

invalid; the vessel was to sail the day after the morrow at one o'clock p. m. and Captain Woods would meet us on the wharf.

Our whole solicitude was now directed to prepare Marion for the change—We accustomed her to walk up and down the passage, and, after a cautious survey, ventured to lead her into the pillared gallery—Singular associations, some vivid, some half torpid, struggled in her mind: she invoked the marble figures as fettered spirits—After a time other recollections struggled forward: the scene appeared to grow familiar: she pressed her finger on her lips, scanned apprehensively the corridor and staircase, and pointed to a door superbly panelled—I opened it: a succession of magnificent apartments spread out before us—Marion traversed them on cautious tip-toe, motioning us to do the same—The painted ceilings, rich carpets, mirrors and candelabra which caught from Helen and myself an involuntary gaze of interest and wonder, were passed, by Marion, not with her usual vacant listlessness, but with the air of a person grown in different to accustomed splendours—Her whole attention seemed direct-

ed towards an apartment half seen through the open door valves of the range ; it seemed the termination of the suite ; a gorgeous canopy, festooned by marble cherubs exquisitely carved, depended from the arch of an alcove ; part of the folds had fallen from the angels' grasp and hung around the pillars of a fairy bed ; columns of white marble supported the recess—The luxurious appointments of this dormitory drew from me a cry of admiration.

“ Hush !” said Marion, “ he is asleep.”—She lifted up the canopy—“ Gone !” she exclaimed, clasping her hands—“ gone !”

“ Gone home,” said Helen promptly.

“ Did they put him in a coffin ?—did they bruise him ?”

“ No,” said I, “ they put your child into a carriage, and a carriage shall come for you tomorrow, and we, too, shall travel home.”

She laughed with such a glad, spontaneous, burst, joy flashing from her eyes ; she looked so like the gleeful mountain girl she once was that Helen's firmness gave way ; she sat down on the baby couch, and wept.

“ Poor thing, poor thing !” said Marion ;

“you shall not stay here to be scolded—I’ll take you home with me—Don’t cry poor thing”—she kissed her sister—“come come ; I’ll take you home with me.”

It was the first time she had betrayed the slightest mark of fondness for either of us.

We returned to our own apartments : but for the occasional clapping of a door in some remote quarter of the mansion, we might have thought it had no other inmate than ourselves. That night Marion was the only one of us who slept.

CHAPTER XIII.

“ My boy, my Arthur, my fair son !
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world ! ”

At length the eventful morrow broke ; a slowly brightening sun-beam streaked the floor ; our heavy vigil was concluded.

Through the medium of our trusty courier all had been arranged ; it was yet early ; there was no remaining task to occupy the tedious hours. I wandered through the rooms, the passages, the corridor ; I encountered no one. Marion was restless too ; she imitated Helen's actions, wrapped herself in the travelling cloak we had provided for her, and took, without her

wonted symptoms of repugnance, the nourishment we tendered. She saw there was a prelude to some change, and watched us suspiciously.

We had no intention of giving our proceedings a criminal appearance by absconding secretly; neither would we risk their being baffled by revealing them prematurely. At ten o'clock I rang for our attendant, and ordered a carriage to be called. The man looked at the signals of departure strewn around, but made no remark. Phil was deputed to observe whether our commands were obeyed. Flushed and palpitating, Helen busied herself in equipping Marion, who passively submitted, looking up with an unconscious smile. The travelling-cap chosen for its warmth and lightness did not please her; she snatched it off, asking for Helen's bonnet: when gratified in this she took the veil, flung it over her sister's head, and curtsied several times, bidding her farewell.

"I cannot bear this Walter," whispered Helen; "will she never know me?—Let us walk into the gallery."

We led Marion on between us. At first she

spoke, almost intelligently, of the carriage she was going in, and of the ship; but when we would have conducted her beyond the door leading to her child's apartment every trace of coherence vanished. She raved wildly, reviling us as 'stony spirits,' and insisted on taking her infant home. They only who have struggled long to compass one great end, who have found themselves in view of it, and then in danger of defeat, can picture our despair.—Helen, pale and gasping, pointed to a clock and held back for a moment, but with sudden inspiration she flung open the door, took Marion's hand, and rapidly traversed the range of rooms. I hesitated: Phil was crossing the side-corridor towards our apartments—the carriage waited. Half frantic I sprang after my sisters; they were already in the canopied chamber. Marion, clinging to a pillar of the bed, implored Helen to restore her child: soothing was vain, and even the talismanic word which had hitherto enthralled her—"One little moment!" she sobbed, "one little moment—let me look at my dead child—Oh! my babe! my babe! come back to me, come back to me!"

A cold dew started to my forehead.—The clock chimes fell like death-strokes—I looked through the suite of rooms expecting our little herald: my strained gaze took in a person slowly advancing—the crisis was at last arrived—my pulse beat calmly; I hastily drew together the folding-doors of the infant's chamber, and stood before Lady Dellival.

“You have spared me the trouble of dismissing you, Sir,” said her ladyship; “your attendance has been rather forced on us than solicited; it has had, as we expected, no other result than that of postponing a necessary measure. Lady Sanford has been long pronounced incurable: other testimony to this judgment was not required. Miss Berrington's conduct is indefensible: *your* zeal doubtless had a prudent aim.—Pray accept this pocket-book.”

I slightly put aside the hand she extended—“Your inferences are so candid, Madam,” I replied, “that it is a pity to prove they are erroneous; the mercenary aim you imply is confuted by the fact that I am at this moment

prepared to relieve you, not only of myself, but of the charge you find so burthensome. Lord Dellival has commanded the removal of Lady Sanford: if I do not obey him to the letter, it is because I consider her family possess a more legitimate claim to her guardianship than the keeper of a lunatic asylum."

"*You* consider!" repeated Lady Dellival. She surveyed me from head to foot: an indefinable expression superseded for a moment the cold stateliness of her regard.—Perhaps a passing recollection of our former interview perplexed her: but she was instantaneously self-collected.

"I presume to dissent from your opinion, Sir: *I* consider Lord Sanford the legal protector of his wife. The carriage you have ordered waits—depart with your associate quietly; else"—she laid her hand upon a bell—"You will act wisely in avoiding the odium of exposure."

"If there be odium, Madam, it will not attach to me. Lady Sanford's malady has been aggravated by injudicious treatment;

even here there are authorities to whom I can appeal; she is not beyond the management of friends."

"Friends!" repeated Lady Dellival—"Does your medical diploma authorize your intrusion into the private apartments of a nobleman?—does it license you to class patients of Lady Sanford's rank among your friends?—Sir, I contend with you no longer."—She pulled the bell.

"Then, Madam, I will address myself to Lord Dellival—this letter"—I selected my uncle's from the packet which I held—"But your ladyship may not condescend to read a poor man's prayer for the surrender of his child. If Lord Dellival refuse, Lord Sanford *shall* listen, and *shall* reply to me."

A servant entered; Lady Dellival motioned him to retire; she took the letter and bent on me a fixed and earnest look—"Shall reply," she muttered—"there is something singular in this—Miss Berrington did not mention your name—this letter.—Who *are* you, Sir?"

"A stranger, Madam—destitute, and almost friendless, but thankful that I have been reared

in a soil propitious to humanities. As the brother of Lady Sanford I may be permitted to class myself among her friends, and if nobleman be identical with gentleman, Lord Dellival will not consider my painful visit an intrusion."

While I was speaking Lady Dellival had opened the letter, but I could perceive that the action was merely mechanical. "The brother!" she ejaculated, making a step towards me, and instantly receding. The marble surface of her features was disturbed—some chord of charity was touched.—I was mistaken—she had no feeling, or she was so accustomed to suppress it that apparently she had none, for without the slightest mark of courtesy to the brother of her sister-in-law, she walked to the further end of the apartment. The result of this interview however was too important to defer to ceremony. I followed her.—She seemed intent upon the letter; her back was towards me, but as I approached her, I thought I could detect the hard drawn breathing which evinces keen emotion.—Her form seemed to heave and to dilate.—Might there be a relent-

ing?—Might my uncle have lighted on the avenue to her sympathies?—I stood irresolute—In the pause loud sobs and distracted ejaculations reached us.—Unable to master my excitement I struck my hands together and exclaimed, “Oh! my poor sisters!”

“Sisters!” repeated Lady Dellival, abruptly turning—“Where?”

Her tone and aspect expressed dizzy perturbation—she trembled as if she stood on creaking ice—the action of her mind seemed suspended as she gazed upon the folding-door.

It was flung aside—“Walter,” cried Helen, “help me, help me!”

Marion had thrown herself upon the floor—Helen endeavoured to raise her, but she resisted, sobbing out—“Oh! cruel, cruel, ye have no pity!—Let me look at my dead child.”

“Alas!” said Helen, wringing her hands, “it were better with Heaven’s will, that we were all three dead—There, my own dear Marion, there.” She clasped her sister’s head against her bosom ejaculating—“If our mother could look upon us now!”

Marion's struggles all at once abated—she gazed upwards with a changed expression, and yielded to my support—I followed the direction of her eyes—Lady Dellival was standing opposite us ; she had resumed her cold, spectral, self-possession ; but it struck me that she was labouring under some dreadful anxiety, which she endeavoured to mask.

“ That spirit there is watching me,” said Marion in a whisper ; “ ’tis the spirit that haunted my sleep-life—steal away softly ; ’tis a statue ; it can kill !”

Helen too was observing the stiff and motionless figure with a sort of awe—“ It is Lady Dellival ;” I whispered, “ she knows who we are, and refuses to let Marion go.”

Helen unhesitatingly advanced, and addressed the Marchioness—“ It is not possible Madam that you can hold out against our tears—Had you ever a sister, a brother, most dear, and most unfortunate?—let their memory plead for us—and not for us alone—hearts that may soon be cold are throbbing for the issue of this moment—palsied hands are held up in

prayer!—If Marion be incurable we can love her still—can others? can her heartless husband?”

Tear followed tear down Helen's cheeks; her lips quivered with anxiety—“Think, Lady Dellival, how soon the proudest intellect may fail—oh! while you have power succour the unfortunate!—Will you sentence our foster-parents to an old age of loneliness, ourselves to an awful prison? if you deliver Marion to the horrid doom they have assigned her, you deliver us; we have nursed her through dreary night-watches, we will not desert her now—a hope has dawned—a last resource—Marion is unaccustomed to this splendour, her shattered mind turns to her mountain-home; let her go with us Madam, and may you be favored in that final doom which the good and guilty shall one day meet!”

The workings of Lady Dellival's features during Helen's speech were inexplicable; she did not utter a word; her eyes were rivetted upon the pleader's face with even startling earnestness, although she evidently made an effort to recover her chill monotony of aspect.

In the ardour of entreaty Helen had approached her, and, nothing daunted by the majestic demeanour of the Marchioness, had extended her hand in an attitude of simple but energetic supplication.

"We are orphans, Madam, we are bound together more strictly by misfortune; had Marion been left to our mutual affection and our quiet home, this might not have happened—Lord Sanford suffers through his own act; he was forewarned"—Her voice trembled—"There is a blight upon us all; our mother—"

"Your mother!" ejaculated Lady Dellival: it seemed as if a statue spoke—"your mother!"

"She died," continued Helen, gasping for breath, "she died in—a mad house!"

A burning crimson dried up Helen's tears; the confession thus wrung from her inherent pride seemed to elevate rather than degrade her—"Yes Madam," she continued loftily, "she died abject and benighted, but her spirit is now calm and clear, triumphant and immortal!—so will Marion's be—that which *here* seems dark and unequal, will shew wise and beautiful hereafter. We do not murmur—God forbid;—We

only wish to pass our little span of mortal life together—May our Marion go with us?”

As if raised above the recollection of earthly injuries Helen clasped Lady Dellival's hand imploringly. The Marchioness leaned towards her; she almost brushed my sister's forehead with her lips, and uttered in a voice scarcely audible—“she may go.”

“Bless you Madam, God bless you!” cried Helen, fervently.—She caught up her veil and hastily enveloped Marion, who, cowering and terrified, was clinging to my arm. As we passed Lady Dellival I bowed with cold politeness: she instantly drew herself up to frigid dignity, and with a resolute air turned from Helen's simple reverence.

In a few minutes we were seated in the carriage and undergoing the rebuke of Phil, fulminated from the coach-box—“In the name o' Nic didn't ye see me beckonin' an' bobbin' to ye through the shew rooms?” he expostulated—“'Tis a mercy if the wind waits!—Sure ships arn't stage coaches!”

Our transit to the wharf was rapid, thanks to Phil's incitements to the driver. We had

scarcely alighted when we were summoned to embark: our blunt friend was anxiously expecting us: his arrangements surpassed our expectations: we had a cabin to ourselves and diligent attendants.

Marion was exhausted; she lay down without a murmur, and I went on deck to bid farewell to Captain Woods, for whom a boat was waiting. Phil Nabbs was piling together the chief objects of his care—"Give a look to the luggage between whiles Sir; a boy must have as many eyes as a potaty to match them Lunnun chaps; *Irishers* arn't up to um—How you'll miss me wid our letters Sir!—won't you bid us a good bye then?"

Amazed I turned to survey him; he was clutching his little cap, his eyes glistening through tears—"But you come with us," I exclaimed.—"what!—give up your country!"

"Cork is like my heart's blood," stammere d Phil—"but I'll never look at it again while that upstart turnkey thief swaggers in dad's place—Would you do us one good turn Master Walter Sir?—I *gother* all thim coppers *honest*—will you take um, an' buy a tombstone for poor

Neddy's grave?—'tis such a weight on me to think he's lyin' bare and bleak widout a bit o' writin' nor a name, nor nothin'!"

I saw the boy's soul was in the beseeching eyes he turned on me, so I took the little treasure-bag and promised. Amid the pressure of my sorrows I recollected Phil's petition; a simple epitaph records the worth of Edward Nabbs.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE KEENE-THE-CAWN.*

Ochone ! he is low, he is low !
The grass through the gray stone is creepin' ;
Walter darling ! oh why would you go
So young to the grave ?

Ochone ! 'twas your cheek that was pale !
An' your eyes had a pleasure in weepin' ;
Cushla 'silore, 'twas the dark sorrow-tale
That dug your young grave.

I'the narrow house lonely you lie !
The green oaks around you are groanin' ;
No rain falls so fast from the sky
As my tears on your grave.

The night raven's croonin' " ochone !"
The rushes an' rills make a moanin' ;
Oh, Walter mavoorneen, my own
Poor boy's in the grave !

I HAVE no written records of the subsequent fortnight. Our second voyage was undiversi-

*The death-wail

fied, except by changes from hope to apprehension. Marion was more tranquil but more feeble ; her hand was always feverish, her pulse rapid, and her aberration assumed the character of settled despondency. She never uttered her husband's name ; she spoke of *us*, of her child, of " poor aunt and uncle," of Grace, and all the loved familiars of the glen, but the person who had drawn on her the bitterest misfortune seemed expunged from her remembrance, or he was identified with some guileful phantom whom in her wayward moods she would apostrophize. Gradually she became so gentle that a child could govern her, but her mind seemed eternally separated from earthly things. She would sit for hours with upclasped hands gazing on the clouds, in imaginary communion with the spirit of her child : nothing could shake her conviction of his death : we perceived that our efforts to undeceive her did but alienate her from us, and we desisted.

As to Helen and myself, all our affections merged into one great interest. To effect Marion's restoration, or to encrease her little sum

of happiness, was the ever-prevailing motive which guided our proceedings; no thought of future exigency was suffered to impede plans which had *her* comfort for their object.

At last the vessel glided between the watch towers of Cork harbour, and anchored in that unrivalled bay. We landed at a romantic little point near the Cove, and to avoid the bustle of the town I hired a cottage on the beach, that Marion's strength might be recruited. Helen, trembling at her own words, bade me observe the supernatural brilliancy of her sister's colour. We consulted a physician; his presence so disturbed the patient that his visit had no beneficial result.

Our foster parents were apprised of our arrival, but they deemed it essential to the success of our experiment that the meeting should take place in the glen. My aunt's letter was full of hope—"Fitzgerald is much better," she wrote, "and so revived at the prospect of seeing you that he speaks of setting off to-morrow; but we must travel slowly, so don't flurry or fatigue yourselves, children. I have many,

many, things to tell you, but shall reserve them till we meet. You'll be glad to see the bearer of this."

It was Slauveen. Slauveen loved us all, but Marion was the child he had carried on his back when himself a child; the pride of his boyhood; the sharer of his enthusiasm for tales of yore, and fairy-land. Marion had been his errant maiden, the wee, wee, doughty Amazon who had interposed her puny shield between him and the parlous fury of Quinilla. All these flashings of young times seemed pouring from the eyes of our domestic Paladin when he besought us just to let him *take a glimpse on her*. We dared not at the present risk his introduction, but when she reposed, half slumbering, half entranced, we let him look at her. Her loveliness at this time was of that shadowy and ethereal character which in 'angel visions' is portrayed; the long fringes of her lids hid the most desolating change; she was truly a shape of Heaven. Slauveen, rooted to the earth, gazed as upon a hallowed effigy, touching his forehead, and muttering disjointed prayers. He lifted up a tress of the

luxuriant hair which fell around her, and passed it along his brow, as if it diffused a holy unction—"She's not dying though," he uttered in a low voice, eager it would seem to repel a terrible suspicion.

The next morning we commenced our journey. Slauveen upon his trusty steed attended us; he arranged our route and halting posts; sedulous and experienced, we felt all the value of his services in the unfrequented tracks we entered on. Marion's daily encreasing debility obliged us to travel slowly. With the dawn of the third day we reached the rude defile nick-named "murdering glen;" it was a gray, spring morning; lichens, significant of home mantled the chasm; sounds grew familiar—the rush of wood streams, the clamour of the rock-birds, and the tremulous plaint of the mountain goat. To me these signals of the wilds were silver-voiced; tremors of sudden pleasure filled me. An opening in the high walls of the ravine gave us a passing view of the colossal battlements in whose girdle lay our fairy lake, like a huge granite-cup fed by cataracts.

Marion leaned forward, a gleam of consciousness, too fleeting to inspire hope, gave a momentary animation to her features ; when the carriage passed the gap, and pursued its way along the naked avenue of rock, she fell back on Helen's arm and closed her eyes.

Through occasional slits in the ravine I continued to strain my eyes for peeps of the open landscape ; no prominent home-mark however presented itself, amid the sublime confusion of fractured rock and dizzy precipice, above which branches of birch and pine waved like suspended banners. The chaotic sea of petrifaction glanced on me at intervals, resembling fragments of a picture, while the tedious rumbling of our vehicle heightened to very painfulness my throbs of eager longing. At length, emerging from the pass, we commenced a slow descent, just as the sun rose above the hills. Our road was flanked on one side by a barren moor, on the other by a merry rivulet that brawled and leaped, and foamed along its course of broken rock, dwarf under-wood, and bog-moss.

To spare my sisters the fatigue of alighting

it was necessary to make a wide circuit round the basement of a hill which lay before us at some distance. Marion slept profoundly. I softly opened the carriage door, and nodding to Slauveen, who in truth required no spur to watchfulness, I walked towards the hill, intending to meet the carriage at the other side. But at the other side the path trended across the heath to a second acclivity that appeared familiar. The carriage was not in view, and the prudence of announcing Marion's approach suddenly occurred ; I set forward briskly. After a little while I met again the stream that I had parted from ; it glided from a thicket and came singing to my feet, bubbling over stepping-stones that in summer time connected its banks, which were fenced by an irregular bordering of stunted arbutus and birches. The music of the ripple, the airy whisperings, the loneliness, the hilly amphitheatre that hemmed in the prospect, were identical with my homeward recollections. I crossed the rivulet by clinging to the antlers of a solitary dwarf oak, and ascended the second hill ; the perfume of broom and early heather was invigorating ; my

steps were winged, my heart throbbed ; I broke my way through thistle and entangled underwood, rounded a well remembered point, and found myself between two pinnacles of the mountain ring that held my isle, my ocean lake, my boyhood's home.—There they lay canopied with azure, calm, bright, and beautiful, reposing amid the self-reared towers which intimate the terrific strength of nature.

A laugh of childish ecstasy burst from me—life's gangrene was forgotten—I had quitted the glen with a persuasion that I never should return ; yet here I was again, and all looked as I had left it, and we might live on, perhaps, in that romantic valley, the which to love appeared a condition of my existence. My buoyant feeling however lasted but a moment ; one saddening image interposed to check the ill-timed joy ; the canker at my heart resumed its dolorous tick.

Will Driscol's bark lay at anchor just beneath me ; its little pennon, stamped with the name of Wallenberg, fluttered gaily, and its thread-like cordings were traced by an unerring lianner in the bay. The ivied walls of the

ruin seemed to rise out of the untroubled water ; the trees of the opposite headland also were reflected. I recognised the shadows, although, from my position, the point itself was not discernible. Every creek, and rock, and rill, had its recognitory throb ; the cana grass stretched up its glossy waving head into the breeze ; the mountain fern expanded its fantail leaves ; far in the distance the cataract, whose thundering hiss had been my lullaby for many a winter's night, glanced from its cloudy ledge and fell in one perpendicular unbroken leap.— But there was a dearer object than all these as yet unseen—the dell that held our cottage ! Adversity's wholesome buffetings had made me bolder ; I descended a precipitous rock-stair which in my coward days I used to halt at, and alighted on a bank a few feet above the bay. A goatherd's track brought me to the projecting crag from which I had looked into Sanford's chamber on the night that closed in the most fatal day of my existence.

I expected to have seen my aunt's chamber wear a habitable look, but the shutters were closed, and I continued to survey the little

tenement, anxious for some sign of human occupant—all was however still, and to appearance quite deserted. It did not indeed wear so desolate an aspect as when I last beheld it; the advancing season had refreshed the paddock; some careful hand had renewed the rustic palisade; the old pear tree, that had been scotched by want and winter, extended its remaining branches, rich in budding leaflets; but no glad bark, no grunt, or cluck, or bray, saluted me. The byre and farm-yard were despoiled of coop and manger; Breesthough's kennel was a shapeless relic; the stall had vanished, and the duck pond lay stagnant beneath its surface of green ooze—"Poor Quinilla!" I exclaimed, led to the scene of the immersion by one of those abrupt mutations of thought which not unfrequently conduct to merriment from the deepest melancholy—Alas! what misery had arisen from that simple accident.

I was buried in reflection on the strange materials from which our sorrows spring, when suddenly the heart-language of an Irish keene broke the drowsy hush; it was chaunted by a

single voice ; the tear-awakening pathos, deep vibratory tone, and distinct articulation, could not be mistaken ; I descended hastily, but was checked in my flight towards the singer by indescribable awe at recognising the death song of the Geraldines.

Our national dialect lost nothing of its idiomatic force by the wailer's powerful delivery. She introduced into her requiem the identifying names of our sept, coupled with a lament made more emphatic by that intonation, peculiarly Irish, which lengthens out the final syllable. As I drew near, the name of Walter was woven into the funeral song ; but not even that awe which may be supposed to chill a man's blood at hearing his own death-wail could restrain those gushes of affection the sight of Grace Mc Quillan drew from my inmost soul. She was seated on a rude square stone that capped a turfy knoll called by the glen-boys *Cromleach*,* and without pausing in her dirge, drew the filaments from a skein of flax that girdled her waist.

* A Druidical altar.

Put your hand on his cheek, 'tis as solid as stone !
Put your hand on his heart there's no breath !
Oh pull down his eye-lids, Oh, Walter ! ochone !
How crushed is the eye-ball beneath !

The whirring of the spindle now formed an under music to her funeral hymn ; she was too intent on her employment to notice me, but, at the repetition of my name an ominous snapping of her thread caused a suspension, and the thick breathing with which I laboured to ascend the mount, became audible.

Rapture should be defined, *an Irish welcome home*—Grace rushed to meet me with a shriek of exultation—“ Walter *ma bouchal, ma chree, ma cushla !* come here to me, come here to me !” —This she reiterated as if I were not close enough, though hugged in her embrace—“ Are *you* the company the Madam bid me look for *avoorneen !*—God bless you boy ! how grown you are !—a beauty every bit of you !—a fine presence of a man !—sure I got every thing ready when the note come, never thinking who the guest was. And how is every skreed of you *asthore ?*—and the Madam and the Master, and my fair-haired jewel, and my black haired ?—

Poor Katy too!—Don't speak a word, don't answer me; you're tired sure—you're hungry—Ten *hunder* shames on me to be talking that way!—eat a bit *eroo*; then you'll speak to us."

She drew me into the dear old cottage—Alas how changed since the merry spring time, just two years back, memorable by the visit of Madame Wallenberg!—Yet Grace had made it look as *cozy* as she could—I recognised the sheeling *furnitory* with the remnants of our little stock—I ran up stairs to my own room: my childish feelings were renewed: I kissed the panel that had served as tester to my bed: a dry ink-horn, and a rusty coat that hung behind the door, were greeted with like affection—I looked from my little casement at the flinty cone of Sugar-loaf until old times came back again, and I half expected the tap of Katy's sweeping-brush, which used to warn me that her office was commencing—At last, with a flutter of cowardly emotion, I descended to the study—Grace had spread out a repast in this favorite apartment, and her store of comforts was arranged imitative of the order which formerly prevailed: rush cushions, and white

fleeces, pillowed my uncle's chair: there were scraps of patch-work carpeting; hassocks, and joint-stools of Granny's build: the window panes were spotless, the book-shelves not quite naked, for my old friends Bunyan, St. Brigid, and the Martyrology were propped to the perpendicular by tattered piles of *dying speeches*, which Grace had bought for two pence a pound at Ballygobbin.

"The Madam's note come yesterday," said Grace, pouring out her rennet—"Take a modicum o' whey *agrah*—you're hot—She bid me look for company: I had a feel it might be some one.—Ah! Walter, dear! tis sore to eat one's bread alone!—The sadness come over me to day so strong that I thought I'd croon a keene or two, to drive it off—Wouldn't I have gone to see you long ago but for turning this small penny for the Master?"

She took a purse from her bosom-pocket, which, if duly filled, might have ransomed half the race of Ham—"Here's the earnings of my sixteen lonesome months at this end—and here's the price of odds an' ends you left behind you at this other end—You'll take it to the

Master darling; I didn't like to send it by Slauveen—And I have news for you besides—sure a grand lady come ferreting hereabout last autumn—But you don't eat—your flush is gone—you look—What ails you Walter darling?"

"You must prepare yourself for other company Grace," said I—There is some one coming who—and my aunt and uncle, Grace; I thought they were arrived, and—"

Shout after shout, yell after yell, arrested my words—Struck with the danger of such outcry should my sisters be its object, I rushed from the cottage, but was relieved on perceiving that it issued from a little fleet of boats which was nearing the point—Every cabin in the glen gave up its inmates as the cry "The Geraldines, the Geraldines!" rent the air—The cry became a roar when they espied me—He who had not a *skreed* of hat threw up a turf-sod—"Crom-aboo—hubbuboo—screech boys—Walter aboo!"

The boat which contained our foster parents had not yet rounded the islet, but their precursor, Katy, long before she landed had shouted forth the news, and every skiff upon the bay followed in the Siren's wake—Two sturdy lasses,

with locks unsnooded, legs naked to the knees and arms to the shoulder blades, dashed into the water, and interlacing their blushing palms bore Mrs. Mulligan to the shore.

"Glory to the saints ! you are here before us, Master Walter," exclaimed Katy—"We haven't time for compliments yet awhile though—The Misthiss *would* come this roundabout water way in spite o' one—Look to the lading, Sir—there's books an' beds an' things—that opprobrious Breesthough gives more bother than his ugly nob is worth !—Don't drown the dog," she screamed ; "sure he's no water wag-tail that he'd swim !—bring him in your arms boys."

"*Paugh a vollagh** childer ! is her worship to walk over ye ?" cried the piper Conlan striking up 'the conquering hero.'

Apprehensive that Marion might arrive during this tumult, I hastily told Grace the cause of my disturbance : her countenance fell, but with native tact she harangued her liegemen—They listened reverently, expanding their eye-

*Out of the way.

brows and muttering “*thru* for ye—to be *shoore*”—When the word was given each flew to his allotted task, and the cottage had assumed something of its former aspect even before my aunt and uncle landed.

Our meeting was solemn ; we were absorbed by fears of the approaching trial-scene : the thousand questions which in other circumstances would have been precipitated merged in the earnest one—“how is she ?” I thought on her celestial calmness and answered “better,” but a countervailing apprehension forced the tears into my eyes.

My uncle said “thank God !” seated himself in his arm chair, and brushed away the drops which the sight of his old seignory had called forth. My aunt wiped the moisture from her spectacles and looked up a thanksgiving ; but Granny’s keen eyes were fastened on me ; their expression so accorded with the wave of her head that a cold thrill shot through my veins. I explained my motive for having preceded the carriage. The crowds of expectants scattered in little knots upon the paddock shewed that my caution had not been super-

fluous. Grace threw the casement open and delivered a monition in emphatic Erse: the groups dispersed, exhorting one another to *spancel* their joy; but many a straggler was observed to hide behind a point of rock, and many a chubby imp peeped through the hedge which parted the heath-land from our little territory.

We could not converse; we could only look upon each other, pace the room, stand still, and listen anxiously. The day had grown unseasonably sultry. I wheeled my uncle's chair to the window, that he might enjoy the mountain fragrance, and left the cottage.

A steep pathway overlooked the tortuous road chosen by Slauveen in preference to the more frequented one, which at that time involved the bustle of a market-town, and of a passage across the outer bay. I hastened up this path towards a hillock termed "the look out," but the post was occupied by the blind minstrel and his guide. The banner made by Marion to adorn his pipes was rent and faded. He knew my step—" 'Tis the Geraldine oge,*"

* Young Geraldine.

said he.—“ ’Tis the Geraldine *bacach* *” said the boy.

At that moment I caught sight of the carriage, still at some distance. Slauveen was in advance, and the slowness of the approach indicated his alarm. My nerve forsook me. I sat down at the old man’s feet.

“ They told me she was coming this way,” said the beggar; “ they told me the sickness of the heart was on her : an old tune will do her good Sir—where’s *machree* Miss Helen, Master Walter?—hard was the day we parted from her !”

Slauveen saw us and rode forward ; when he reached the hillock he dismounted, bidding me step on Lanty’s back and wait for the carriage at Fairy cross. “ The blinds are down,” said he, “ and that’s a sign we mustn’t make a clatter—*hoosht* Johnny ! for your life be quiet !”

I halted at the spot prescribed ; which was within a few yards of the dell. The carriage soon approached and stopped. At Helen’s signal I cautiously opened the door : Marion reclined in a sort of dreamy stupor, but there

*Lame Geraldine.

was a quivering of the folded lids that did not augur sleep. I lifted her from the carriage and, assisted by Slauveen, bore her up the dell into the cottage. A perfect silence was observed: even Helen was not welcomed. Marion's trance-like immobility continued: we laid her on a couch which Grace hastily arranged in the very corner of the study that she used to occupy. We watched the fluttering motion of her lips, but they shaped no word.

Helen ventured gently to part the tresses from her forehead—it had the icy gloss of marble, but the glow of living beauty was on her cheek. Her hands, true to their constant habitude of invoking things celestial, were clasped upon her bosom, which was shrouded by an unrestrainable profusion of glittering ringlets. Her resemblance to a Madonna prostrate at the cross, which I had seen in the picture gallery at Lord Dellival's, was striking, even more striking than her likeness to her mother's portrait. A stream of radiance slanted to her feet. Something in the aspect of the sky brought to my recollection the evening I had read to Madame Wallenberg the drama of

Antigone. There was the same ruby tint; the same liquid effulgence was thrown upon the mountain slopes. A beautiful variegated moth flew into the room and lighted upon Marion's hair. I stooped to remove it.

"Don't wake me," she whispered. "Ah *do not* wake me!—'tis phantom-land; 'twill vanish!"

I dared not brush the insect off: we stood so still and motionless that the murmur of the wavelets breaking on the headland was distinguishable. At length the face we gazed on gradually settled into the calm of sleep. Helen stole out of the room, and returned habited in her mountain garb: I adopted the hint and, with a glow of satisfaction, as if righting an old friend, I put on my rusty coat. We took our stations beside the couch: our friends placed themselves a little more aloof, and Slauveen, outside the window, kept assiduous watch. The hum of flies, the ripple of the waters, formed a lull so grateful to the jaded mind that I, too, became abstracted from this world and its vicissitudes. The whistle of a blackbird roused me: alarmed I looked at Marion: the sun was struggling with the twilight hour; a parting

halo fell upon her brow. I thought her eyes were slowly opening; I watched them with feelings no language can describe. Helen dared not turn her head, but her side glance was fixed, and the silent shudder, the heaving of her frame, shewed her terrible emotion.

“ ’Tis angel music !” said Marion, half raising herself upon her elbow and veiling her eyes—“ ’tis so like home !—I must not look—I must not look—’twill vanish.” She fell back.

“ Marion,” said Helen, “ Marion, will you drink ?”

I gave her the beverage that Grace presented me—she drank eagerly. “ Home is in the cup !” she said, “ home is in the sound !—the air is full of home, my heaven-home :—oh, I am so happy !”

She folded her hands again, and lay as if absorbed in calm and concentrated devotion—it is impossible to picture the seraphic composure of her countenance. Suddenly she unclosed her eyes—the wild unearthly look had given way before the rush of a thousand fond remembrances. She gazed at us, and sprang up with a cry of rapture. “ Uncle !—aunt !—

Grace!—Oh my own Helen, my own Walter!”

In a moment we were kneeling around her, sobs of joy and apprehension mingling.

“I knew I was in Heaven!” she exclaimed; “the phantom-crowd is gone. Oh! I had a dream—who nursed me all this time?—Brother—sister—I dreamed my uncle was in prison—was I in prison?—Aunt,—dear, dear Granny!”

With palpitating haste she pressed us in turn to her heart, murmuring—“I am so happy, so very happy!”

Grace was the last embraced; Marion strained her doting friend close and closer, with infant fondness. Alarmed at this excitement I unlinked the fingers gently—there was a flutter round the mouth—the eyes were fixed—I felt the pulse—I pressed my hand against that faithful bosom—She was dead!

CHAPTER XV.

THE GERALDINE'S DEATH SONG.

Speak low, speak low ! the Banshee is crying—
Hark to the echo !—" she's dying—dying !"
What shadow flits dark'ning the face o' the water ?
'Tis the swan of the lake, the Geraldine's daughter.

Hush ! hush ! have you heard what the Banshee said ?
Oh list to the echo ! " she's dead—she's dead !"
No shadow now dims the face of the water—
Gone is the wraith of the Geraldine's daughter.

The step of yon train is heavy and slow ;
There's wringing of hands, there's breathing of wo :
What melody rolls over mountain and water ?
'Tis the funeral chaunt for the Geraldine's daughter.

The requiem sounds like the plaintive moan
Which the wind makes over the sepulchre-stone—
"Oh ! why did she die ?—our heart's blood had bought her—
Oh ! why did she die ?—the Geraldine's daughter !"

The thistle-beard floats, the wild roses wave
With the blast that sweeps the newly made grave :
Stars dimly twinkle, hoarse falls the water ;
Night-birds are wailing the Geraldine's daughter !

Who can lay open the depths of real anguish ?

who can represent one throb of genuine grief? feeling is beyond language; the heart, alone, can register its own bitterness.

Years rolled away before I could record the death of Marion; and having recorded it, I weep over the page as keenly as if I had just seen Marion in her grave-clothes, just heard the heavy funeral tread, the moan which burst from her old retainers, the childish sobs, restrained with a sore effort lest a word of the burial service should be lost, when her coffin was lowered, and 'dust to dust' was solemnly delivered. Every circumstance of those scenes is ineffaceably engraven—joy's season is erased, but the implement that inscribes our griefs, cuts deeper.

Marion reposes in the church-yard of a village sanctuary that rears its humble spire a few miles from the home she loved so faithfully; her husband would have removed her to the mausoleum of the Dellivals, but he dared not aggravate the resentment we expressed at the mere hint of such an intention, by insisting on its accomplishment.

I continue my narrative at the request of one I love as well as I loved her—loved! did I say?

—her image never leaves me ; but now that selfishness is hushed, more chastened meditation represents that playful spirit in her eternal home, full of joyous devotion, clasping her innocent hands and rapturously exclaiming “oh I am so happy !”

Our grief was boundless : for many days we seemed to have lost all susceptibility to kind influences ; a feeling of unspeakable desolation, stopped the current of our sympathies—we looked upon each other as strangers, and mechanically performed our customary duties ; but there was no *soul* in the services we tendered. To indulge in reciprocal soothings and endearments seemed treason to the dead. Our attached domestics evinced the same sullen grief.—“The core of my heart is gone,” said Grace ; “what do I care for now ?” Slauveen said nothing, but if interrupted in his moody contemplations he would throw himself upon the earth and weep.

It was the returning weakness of my uncle that moved the pulses of our better nature—The funeral day had been too much for him—We flew to his bed-side—the glazed eyes he

turned on us expressed a fondness, the more earnest from its short suspension." Children kneel with me," said my aunt; "Let us pray that our minds may not become hardened by affliction—an early death is often the reward of piety—*Her* foot is on the peak—The Heaven she longed for opens—Marion has eternity to rest in!"

Prayer seemed to renovate my uncle; he dismissed us, appointing the following day for a solemn communication.

That night Helen summoned me to a long and melancholy conference. The scene of it was the sleeping chamber which the sisters so many years had occupied. It was the first time that Helen had entered it since her return; our vigils, uncheered by affectionate communion, had been kept together near the dead. I paused at the door, doubtful of my fortitude.

"Come in," said Helen, in a low voice, "come in Walter; we have been estranged too long."

She was sitting on the bedside, braiding a tress of Marion's hair. I looked on in silence; a word would have choked me. When finished

she hung it on a reading desk beneath which the sisters used to kneel. I sobbed ; she turned to me, and said emphatically ;—“ Do you love me brother ?”

“ Love you Helen !”

“ Do not blame me,” she resumed ; “ I thought *my* love for you was lessened : but it is not ; we will remember we have each other to live for, and friends, dear friends, to work for. It is easy to lament, to echo groan for groan, to shew a sullen patience. Would Marion have indulged this selfish wo ? She would have mourned either of us as keenly—affection was the essence of her being—but the survivors of our little band would not have been neglected. Walter we must quit the glen. It is no Eden now to us ; when will the traces of *her* steps be worn out ?” Helen paused, and pressed her fingers on her closed eyes, but tears stole beneath the lids and fell upon a hand almost as thin as that we had kissed for the last time, the yesterday. “ Labour we must Walter ; but not here, not here ! It is presumptuous to test the spirit too severely—one cannot toil with a breaking heart. Is there a

spot in this glen not linked with Marion?— Every dingle has echoed to her laugh; I could as well work upon her grave!” A burst of grief interrupted her. “I can labour, I can beg; but not here, not here?”

This emphatic decision gave me a mournful satisfaction; our feelings were in perfect unison—could we live on serenely, amid haunts which would incessantly recall the lovely shadow of happy years?—

“We will quit the glen,” said I, “we will return to our former course of labour.”

“I think I can earn enough for all,” said Helen—“We must, indeed, return for awhile, to our kind friends in Cork—for—I feel it, Walter; the freshness of thought and intellect is blighted—what could I write of *now*,—but the impulse may revive, or something may come round to help us.”

There was a tone in the last words which rung upon my heart; she tried to suppress her grief, but perpetual sighs shewed the inward aching. The night breeze rushed through the little casement; it seemed lamenting with us. At length we turned to other

subjects, and tried to elevate ourselves above this wreck of hope. We spoke of our city pupils, arranged our plan of conduct, and mutually promised to take into the pursuits of common life, a serious and inflexible perseverance. After having touched on the communication my uncle had announced, with thankfulness that the worst was already known to us, we separated.

But before we left the glen I had to search for a memorial, the loss of which had often filled me with regret; it was the medallion given me by Madame Wallenberg. I had missed it many months before, and had a vague recollection of having left it in my crypt within the ruin, when I was so suddenly called off on the day of Marion's flight. Early on the morrow of my conference with Helen I took my way to the old castle, devouring my tears as I thought upon the merry throng once assembled there. The blind minstrel's tunes were tingling in my ears—Alas, hushed was that voice most rapturous in applause! I ascended to the oak-room; Helen was addressing her little mountaineers and commending

them to Grace McQuillan, who sat in stern sorrow, her arms folded in her apron, and listened to the farewells with an unmoistened eye. When the pattering of the little footsteps ceased, she arose, made us a low reverence, and was following the children with a stoical tread—But Grace loved those she loved, better than herself;—with a sudden burst of penitence she turned and flung her arms around us.—“Go then,” she said, “go and God be with you! would I keep you here to see you wither? Helen, *machree*! Walter!—I’ll weed the grave alone!”

The serenity we had been struggling to acquire was overborne by this artless touch; in unutterable anguish we received her passionate farewell. I leaned against the dismantled window-frame, observing her slow retreat across the causeway, half tempted to abstract myself from the world’s turmoil and remain a tenant of the wilds. The landscape was rife in the glow and freshness of an unruffled morning; it seemed a duplicate of joyous days; incidents long gone by, were pondered, and dialogues rehearsed with friends I no more

hoped to see ; there was a spectral resurrection of former happiness, nothing real but the scene—A purple dawn pierced by rays of gold ; the bay dimpling and brightening ; an eddying beat of innumerable wings, like pulses in the air ; twitterings and chirpings ; the gush of brooks, the dipping of a lazy oar ; mountain cones wreathed with liquid amber ; a distant sail advancing from airy indistinctness into the red of sunrise.

“ Just such a morning was it !” said Helen, “ the wedding morning ! *She* and I were here arranging Johnny’s throne—How beautiful she looked ! and laughing like a merry child—it was the sweetest laugh—so full of life. Oh, Marion ! but for those you loved so faithfully, I would abide near your cold bed, and weed it till I shared it !” A low, choking sob broke her utterance.

“ We will leave the glen to-morrow,” I exclaimed.

“ *To-morrow,*” repeated Helen, in a tone slightly querulous. The accent of complaint from her was so unusual ! I looked at her attentively, and recoiled ; the dark expanded

eyes moved languidly ; and the hollow of the worn cheek was marked by a circle of ominous red ; she had been tried beyond her strength—" We will go to day," said I ; " I will prepare our friends this instant."

" Yes, to-day," said Helen, " to-day—I would be useful while I can—the fund I thought exhaustless is—Oh blessed hand which gave the means of rescuing *her* from a neglected death-bed !—from cold attendance, and rugged looks !"

" There is comfort in that thought," said I.

" There is," said Helen ; " her tomb is *not* in the strangers' land. May it please Heaven to bear me up until—until—I would not leave you, Walter."

Her words renewed my agony ; the firm-set nerve of magnanimous endurance was shaken ; Helen wished to die ! a terrible foreboding fell on me—I should be the survivor ! desolate, stricken, hopeless ; *I* should be the survivor ! The hand I took was feebly trembling—some countervailing train of thought might induce tears ; I hastily imparted the object of my visit to the ruin.

“A gift of Madame Wallenberg!” said Helen—“our mother’s picture! and like Marion!”

We entered the closet and lifted the window-lid impatiently; a cry of regret escaped me; the medallion was not there—I was still groping in the crannies of my treasure-keep, when I became aware that some one was ascending the ivy ladder; Slauveen stole through the crumbling frame. “’Tis this you’re looking for,” said he, presenting the medallion; “I thought so—when last I come to see my mother I found it here among old strays—the sight of them that’s gone stifled the thoughts of every thing; else I’d give it up before.”

Helen seized the medallion and gazed upon the portrait; the tears I longed to see streamed copiously.

“Well, Sir,” said Slauveen, “I’m going—I’m not made o’rock that I could stand it—Poor mother has a different feel; she likes to wander up an’ down, an’ keene a broken song, an’ crush her heart with climbing the old cliffs—’tis *rasone* enough if one could die in earnest; but to be dyin’ inch by inch!—I love you Sir! but I can’t stand it.”

"We are going too," said I.

"Back to Mrs. Bullock's to kill yourself by scraps!—I'll list, in hopes I'll have the luck to get the grief shot out o' me."

"Will you forsake us then, Slauveen?" said Helen.

"Never! if I thought you'd live Miss Helen—but you'll die too; your *Fetch* was sittin' in the sheeling chimney-nook last night—you vanished when we spoke to you—an' Master Walter—you'll all die, so I'd like some quicker stroke to kill me than the heart-break."

"You have a mother," said I; "she looks to you for comfort; 'tis cowardly to wish to die."

"How can a body help it, Sir? would any one feel grief if they could help it? tell me *that* now. There's some could bury kith-an' kin without a grip o' sorrow, but I'm not o' that pleasant quality.—Go back to Cork indeed! an' see you dwindle, dwindle, cooped up in a garret.—The Bullock's are decent folk in their own line, but they arn't of ould blood."

"It is your dislike to Miss O'Toole," said I.

"Misthiss McCarty you mane! she's mar-

ried sure—an' the Captain's home; an' his eyes like gravy spoons, full o' Miss Monimia, talking huge high o' the throats he cut.—A butchering *spithogue*! Miss Quinny indeed, now her mind is asy, she's not so remarkable spit-firish."

My boyish horror of Quinilla had long yielded to the pressure of more forcible ills. I was glad that she was happy, but I had sympathetic chords of feeling with Slauveen in his leaning to 'ould blood.' The figures he had conjured up, the McCarthys, the blustering O'Toole, heightened my repugnance to the course of life we were called on to resume—Our long intercourse with Miss Berrington had revived the hours of intellectual enjoyment we had passed with Madame Wallenberg, and had strengthened my predilection for that society, which, under all its bearings, possesses indescribable fascination. I felt the warmest gratitude and esteem for my worthy benefactors, I would do any thing for them, willingly, but live with them. Every feature of my city servitude stood out in repulsive array—the hot, unhealthy room—the drudgery—the bois-

terous merriment—in short the absence of all the refining faculties. I condemned myself for the loathing sensation with which I regarded the prospect, and was obliged, for my acquittal, to catch at the philosophic absolvment of Slaueen that I could not help it. Helen too—I knew she felt as I did, but Helen possessed that noble concomitant of genuine courage, self-command; Would this magnanimity of mind sustain the frame?—She had been accustomed to the freedom of the wild bird—to studies sublimating and enlivening.

“Now there’s Katy,” resumed Slaueen, seasonably interrupting my musings, “Katy wo’n’t fret a thraneen at goin’ back. That don’t argufy Katy have no nature; she cried enough for——But Katy is come o’ the Red-shanks; a cross-breed of Irish; she haven’t the *rale* soft-heartedness; a shanamone with Molly Green, and Mrs. McCarthy’s finery, will soon put her upon the pig’s back again—I have no pride in nothin’ now—for even Lanty—even Lanty, Master Walter, is choused of his old corner in the stable!—they have bought a vagabone new horse to drive the jauntin’-car!”

“Poor Lanty!” I ejaculated, involuntarily.

“’Tis the way o’ the world Sir; old stagers turned adrift.—I’ll stick to the comfortless craythur though; many’s the time *she* rode him, an’ she no bigger than a Leprechan.”

The sound of rapid oars checked the heavy sighs that followed this apostrophe—Slauveen mounted the window-seat—“A boat makin’ for the point Sir; company come to see the glen. *Wisha* we care for nothin’ now, but the grief! the grief! I don’t wish to get over it! If I thought I’d live, I’d shoot myself. They’re landin’—The saints be good to us!—’Tis—no, tish’t—yes ’tis though.”

“Who Slauveen?”

“Trash! what a fool I was to b’lieve, my eyes--Katy is up—the smoke dances—’tis—no, is it?—I wish the sun wouldn’t come betwixt us;” He contracted his orbs to see more distinctly—“No—why but it is though!”

“Who?” I demanded peremptorily.

“The *Frowleen* as I’m a sinner! The little corporal!”

“Berga Schmidt!”

“Her *rale* self, or somethin’ so much the

morul of her that it makes me trimble—Did you ever see a *Fetch*, Sir?”

“The changes in Helen’s countenance terrified me; hectic and deathly paleness alternated so rapidly that I thought she would have fainted.

“Did you say that it was Berga?”

Wide-eyed wonder, fear, caution, and a gleam of tragic joy, were mingled in the singular look which Slauveen fastened on me, while he replied, “It might be her *Fetch* indeed—I wouldn’t take my oath it wasn’t Berga neither—may be it may then, ’pon my word—You’re as pale as a spirit why!—Fetch up your heart, Miss Helen.”

“*Is* it Berga?” gasped Helen.

“It might be her twin-sister—I just begin to think it is—she never moved her head though, that’s a token ’tis the *ræle* corporal—but I’ll be off in a wink, an’ bring you word of it.” He sprang to the window-ledge, nodded mysteriously, “For your life don’t stir a moment, Sir,” and disappeared.

I knew not what to make of his extraordinary gestures and contradictory averments—We

remained in utter silence, listening greedily—After the lapse of a tedious interval we again distinguished the plash of oars nearing the mole—the keel of a boat jarred against the little quay—some person landed—“It may be a casual explorer,” said I, “let us escape.”

CHAPTER XVI.

“ The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no armour against fate ;
Death lays his icy hands on kings.
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade. ”

BEFORE we had half way traversed the outer chamber the sound of advancing footsteps drove us back to our retreat. The pace was not that of a loitering unadvised explorer—instinctively I threw my arm round Helen and stooped forward—“ ’Tis Fielding ! ” I ejaculated.

I could not control the impetuous impulses of affection—I flung myself upon his neck—I

could scarcely persuade myself that it was really Fielding—He had made a hurried movement towards Helen, but checked himself abruptly; there was a union of all the fine affections in the frank beaming eyes, in the half expostulating, half entreating offer of his hand. Helen yielded hers, but as if repentant of some emotion foreign to her mourning contemplations, she withdrew it hastily, sobbing her sister's name.

“Oh Fielding!” said I, “you are too late—had *you* been—”

“Do not aggravate your grief and mine by erroneous fancyings of what might have been,” said Fielding, in a tremulous voice: “no human aid could have availed Lady Sanford in the latter stage of her decline; yet I would have flown to her Walter, you know I would, had I received your letter or Miss Berrington's—the latter followed me through Germany, halting for weeks at various posts, and only reached me on the eve of my return. *Your* letter, by an unaccountable omission, remained at my town house, where it was addressed, and you had left London before I received it—Are

you satisfied, Helen, that the slightest intimation of her danger would have drawn me to your sister, even from the pursuit of an enquiry on which my very existence hung? Are you satisfied Helen?"

Helen made a powerful effort—"We require no assurance of your friendship Mr. Fielding."

"Friendship!" repeated Fielding;—"my affection can no more change its essence than its object; as I *have* loved you, so I must ever love you Helen."

Helen looked at him incredulously; "I also Mr. Fielding, am unchanged; principles once revered are still supreme." She extended the medallion towards him. "It is my mother!"

Fielding gazed upon the portrait until his eyes were dimmed. "And this is Julia Derentsi!" he faltered; "her fascinating child resembled her, alas, too accurately!" He paused and regarded Helen with devotional tenderness. "Julia Derentsi was not *your* mother Helen—Marion was her *only* child."

I heard no more; a whirring of ideas, a doubt of what I had heard, or that I had heard

it—such was my state of mind: the most distinct of my conceptions shewed how much the mind had deviated. I conceived that Fielding was deceiving us, and I rushed through the apartments with a vague purpose of questioning my aunt, whirled, as it would seem, by some spirit not my own. But before I reached the causeway a dizzying sensation overpowered me—trees, skies, hills, all created things seemed flitting away: I grasped at the projecting fragment of a buttress, and sat down to recover myself. Ere long a murmuring of voices reached me—I looked up—Fielding was standing beneath the window-arch of the oak chamber and supporting Helen; the beaming intelligence of his fine countenance had never shone so cloudless; Helen's eyes were raised to his with a fervid expression of confidence. I caught some words of their discourse. We were the children of my father's second wife, of Margaret Walenberg—Marion was our half-sister.

I arose and staggered homeward—a dreamy confusion assailed me, a clashing of sensations. Strange to say, I was averse from displacing the image which, as an attached, indignant son,

I had so long consecrated : yet the venomous fang which had murdered sleep relaxed its gripe—the interdict was removed—I blamed myself for a sudden thrill of joy—Helen would be happy—but Marion was dead !

I reached the cottage—I encountered no one; the morning's meal appeared forgotten. This had happened more than once of late ; thus the absence of the breakfast array did not surprise me ; but something unusual must have diverted Katy from her customary household observances—the chairs were in confusion, and the shutters, carelessly parted, had half closed. An appendage, emblematic of its wearer, recalled the vision of Slauveen—the satin muff of Berga Schmidt lay upon the table ; beside it something glittered—it was a ring—it was the signet ring of Madame Wallenberg—the signal that she had promised should announce her death.

The sight of an embroidered glove broke on my sad soliloquy—"The muff is Berga's—but the glove—"

"That glove is Madame Wallenberg's," said my aunt, throwing open the door of the study.

In a moment I was clasped to the heart of her I so much revered. I could only embrace her and stammer—"Fielding tells me—am I to believe?"

"Believe every thing that Fielding told you," said the Baroness. "Noble young man!—comforter of my gallant son;—You, Walter, will replace my poor Derentsi—you and Helen—ah! I hoped—But alas! alas!"

"Marion's short, stormy day is over," said my aunt, striving to look calm,—“The long, bright day is entered on.”

"My good friend," said the Baroness, "It is for myself I grieve—I did not lament her mother, though I loved her—none knew how much—Mother and daughter ye are now united!—Shall I so rejoice over *my* daughter!"

"Dear Madame Wallenberg be comforted," said my aunt; "all will end well, please God!—it is not for poor mortal eyes to pierce the secret crannies of the heart. She may not be quite so bad as you—and I myself indeed—have thought her: some compunctious corner might be hid by stiff-necked pride: penitence isn't always shewn by tears: hearts often bleed when eyes are dry."

My aunt's faltering voice and forced composure were a commentary on her aphorisms. Madame Wallenberg, meanwhile, with a Judith step and a countenance of lofty indignation, was pacing the room.

The door slowly opened, and Berga entered—her eyes rested on myself—she curtsied reverentially, and, without once relieving me of her indefatigable gaze, she marched up to the Baroness and announced that her sleeping chamber was prepared.

"Lie down awhile dear Madame Wallenberg," said my aunt; "I'll send Helen with your breakfast: you'll comfort one another—come among us when you wish—only dear Baroness, don't do one thing, will you? don't take my children from me yet—not quite yet."

The Baroness viewed my aunt a moment, and then addressed me. "Walter, another course of life is opened to you; a course which it is indispensable you should enter on—I must return to Germany—you and Helen will accompany me. Do not be alarmed—you shall not be separated from your foster parents—were you inclined to forget their claims I would renounce you. You know not yet the half of

what you owe them. They rescued you from the orphanage which springs not from the grave, which comes not from a parent's death, but from a parent's guilt. The sentiment due to them is wordless; they adopted you; your name attained, your fortune confiscated; disowned by your mother's family—deserted by that mother, who for her ambition broke the ties of nature, the sanctities of woman; passed from the unhonored sepulchre of one husband to the pomp and titled grandeur of another, without even the poor interval which decorum marks!—Margaret, there was a previous registry of callous indiscretion against you, sufficient for a life”—

Madame Wallenberg's voice from the solemnity of an appeal had gradually changed to the tone of sustained, emphatic, reprehension.

“ 'Tis the poor boy's mother you are speaking of,” said my aunt, imploringly.

“ That title belongs to you,” said the Baroness, “ not to the deserter of her children, not to the usurper of her cousin's rights, not to the oppressor of her cousin's daughter—

When I think of Marion and her mother can I gloss the errors of Margaret Wallenberg?"

I tried to interpret the last sentences, but the web of thought seemed shattered—The Baroness abruptly turned from us, and threw back her head, as if impatient of her humble friend's remonstrance.

"For the sake of Christian charity if not for the sake of these dear children, you will forgive her," resumed my persevering aunt."

"My good friend," said the Baroness, waving her hand rapidly, as if to silence intercession; "Margaret cares not to be forgiven—I have seen her—cold, insensible, remorseless!—We had not met for twenty years—she stood before my anger, resolute in arch-pride, unmoved as yonder rock—can you wonder that I too was remorseless?—Every act of her selfish career was recapitulated: from her hardened disregard of her unfortunate cousin, and her union with Lord Gerald, through the courses of her unnatural desertion of her children, to her second union. I rehearsed them all, even to the last, the crowning point—not a nerve quivered—nay, when reproached as

the cause of that fatal duel, which sent to an early tomb her brother, her father's favorite child—she was roused neither to anger nor repentance; her features were as tranquil, her air as unbending. I had just buried my brave Derentsi, the only son her turpitude had left me,—with his dying breath he pardoned her—her father never would retract his malediction—Margaret was as indifferent to the forgiveness of the one, as to the inflexible renunciation of the other—not a tear started when I described the closing scenes of two brave men whose lives she had embittered; not a throb of penitence was evinced when I gave her their bequests—I am thought unyielding, but Margaret—!”

“Yet who knows but the scorching fire that drieth up the veins might be feeding on her all the while,” exclaimed my aunt, evading the displeasure which her obstinate mediation might have called forth, by uttering this address in form of apostrophe—“There are strange entanglings of the mind—some kneel and make a wailing for atonement; some stand out against revilings with a stony look, and let their hearts burst rather than be pitied—Pride! dismal pride; that's the stumbling-block.”

The Baroness seemed eager to escape the argument—She bade me prepare to quit the glen, and expressed her anxiety to see Helen. Without giving me opportunity for reply, she took my aunt's hand;—"you my good friend will accompany us into Germany—do not start; change of scene is necessary for all—your husband has already acquiesced—Take what time you please for partings and arrangements—I will wait your leisure any where but *here*—What sun can brighten the melancholy aspect of the scenes *she* used to move in?—You are not going into exile," resumed the Baroness, observing the glistening eyes that were wandering regretfully; "you shall return, your children too, when—I am old my friend—I wish to see my grandson's rights established—to see Helen happy—The grave contains my husband and two sons, my Marion and her mother—the grave is pleasant to my thoughts—that which has tortured us will there be pulseless—my happy ones are beckoning—you shall close my eyes and then—"

"Ah Baroness," sobbed out my aunt, "before then, long before then you will forgive—she is your daughter Baroness, your own child!"

The Baroness dropped the hand she had till then affectionately retained, and left the room—

“Blessed are the poor in spirit!” said my aunt—“The class is rare—even that generous-souled woman has the family stamp—what between the mother’s high spirit and the father’s fierce spirit, it would be a miracle if Margaret Wallenberg—”

“Who is she?” I ejaculated, “where is she?”

“Is it possible she could know you, and speak to you, without acknowledging her children! The Marchioness Dellival was Margaret Wallenberg.”

I reeled: the dim reflection of things passed was represented in a speckless mirror—“Until this hour I thought that Margaret Wallenberg was dead.”

“She *is* dead,” said my aunt solemnly; “I have had a letter from Miss Berrington—Lady Dellival burst a blood-vessel and died a few hours after her interview with her mother.”

I felt awe-stricken—my aunt resumed—

“Oh Walter! the scene was terrible—That dear young lady bade me break it to you and to the irritated mother—Poor woman! I thought

before I told it, I might win on her to say, God forgive my child!" My aunt wept, but continued to speak—"Baron Derentsi, it seems, was sent by the Doctors from one Spa to another till he died at Baden. Mr. Fielding and the Baroness went with him—just as he was buried Miss Berrington's letter about our darling reached them—they set off instantly for London, thinking you were there—Madame Wallenberg went to her daughter's house—There was no softening of words; high spirit and haughty spirit were not likely to come to a self-surrender: the Baroness left the house irritated beyond all control—Lady Dellival locked herself into her room—restrained passion or, God send it might be so, restrained penitence, burst the springs of life—she was found, just not dead—the hemorrhage was stopped but the Doctor gave her over—She died the same night—Lord Dellival was too ill to see her, but that fine, frank-spirited young creature, watched by the lonely death-bed."

"Miss Berrington?"

"Yes, Miss Berrington—How she wins on one! 'tis wonderful!—her letter took off all

the rancour that I felt for Margaret; I cried for the self-willed woman as I would for my own sister."

"Did Lady Dellival," said I,—“Did my mother—” I hesitated; the conjunction was too astounding to be easily admitted—My aunt seemed to penetrate my thoughts.

“It was many a long day, Walter, before I myself, could persuade myself she was really your mother, though I knew she must be—Dear Julia had only one child. But for a fatal chance, I should have been glad enough to believe that all three of you were hers—The Baroness talks a deal of our adopting you; there was no merit in the case—your poor father was in prison, and Margaret left you with us, and went to sue for pardon from the King—No pardon came however.—Gerald’s death broke down my Fitzgerald sadly—there was nothing but you, children, to comfort us—The widow stayed with some grand folk she got acquainted with, and, without even a three months’ mourning, married again—We expected every day some claimant for you and Helen, and, to say the truth, we dreaded it—As for

Marion we reckoned her our own—her step-mother had used her harshly, Lord Gerald had bequeathed her to us—There was hereditary blight in her gran'mother's family—her gran'-father (the Baroness's brother) from seeing the lamentable effects perpetuated even to his wife, had interdicted his daughter's marrying; and we considered it a solemn duty to keep the grand-daughter from a transgression which had had so calamitous an end—but I have told you Julia's story.

“After a time Margaret wrote, beseeching us to keep the children for a year or two, as her husband was averse from patronizing the inheritors of a name so *recently degraded*—these were the very words—she forgot how eager she had been to take that name—Poor Fitzgerald! mild as he is, his high blood mounted; I should not mind a blusterer's rage one pin, but the passion of the peaceful man has something awful—He that had never used the name of God, save in prayer or blessing, now ratified with that holy word, a vow, never to let the little cast-aways weep for her desertion—never to let them hear of a mother who could wantonly fix

upon such innocents the stigma of disgrace ! He forbade my uttering her name, or ever recurring to her story. The Baroness, with whom he corresponded, entered into his views and feelings ; the Baron long before had renounced his daughter ; but, different from his high-souled wife, he implicated you poor babes ! in your parent's errors.

“ Fitzgerald wrote to Margaret the sternest letter he ever penned ; he told her he had withdrawn her children to that seclusion which their mother's, not their father's conduct had condemned them to. We had one letter in reply, just in keeping with Margaret's character ; there was not a glimmer of anger, extenuation, or regret—enclosed was a bill for your expenses, and a notice that the same sum should be transmitted annually until she should choose to send for you—What a passion I was in ! I would have put bill and letter in the fire ; Fitzgerald behaved wiser, he sent both back to her—I longed to tell her a little of my mind, but my husband wouldn't let me ; so we blotted her from our thoughts and brought you up as orphans.”

“And did she not, even on her death-bed, express sorrow? did she die without acknowledging us?”

“Her sorrow was between her and Heaven,” replied my aunt. “She died without a tear: still there might have been an inward martyrdom—She listened to the word of peace, and pressed Miss Berrington’s hand, but never spoke—perhaps she could not speak, poor creature!—Her last act did, certainly, imply an avowal of her children—About an hour before she died, she motioned for her jewel-case, and took a picture set in diamonds from a secret drawer—it must be the picture of her first husband, for she placed it in a box, and wrote upon the lid—‘To be given to Walter Fitzgerald’—She then locked the jewel case, labelled it, ‘for *my daughter*, Helen Fitzgerald,’ and gave the key to Miss Berrington—Could any one see Helen and not love her!”

“Thank Heaven!” I ejaculated, “there *was* compunction; she *did* betray emotion at sight of Helen—Her journey to the glen too—that might have been to make my uncle some atonement.”

“ I rather think not,” said my aunt, musing; “ Margaret’s spirit was too rebellious—*She* bend ! no, no—I have conned that journey over and over, and I fancy that hearing her brother-in-law had married a Fitzgerald she might apprehend some divulgement; for Heaven only knows whether Lord Dellival was aware that she had children when he married her; who can travel through the bye-ways of such a mind as hers? —A letter came to us, sealed with black, five years ago; it was a blank cover containing money; we sent it back to her.”

My aunt paused; the mourning seal recalled a circumstance Lord Sanford and Miss Berrington had mentioned, that Lord and Lady Dellival had lost two sons—

“ Here Walter,” resumed my aunt, taking down old Bunyan—“ here are the actors of the story—The Great-hearts and the Feeble-minds. He only should judge Margaret from whom we hold our varied lot of talents—Fitzgerald often said that every good trait in those Wallenbergs was shrivelled by the slavery-brand of pride—Who knows whether that lofty spirit so beautiful in Helen might not have been puffed into

haughtiness beneath their training!—The accident that lamed you, choked the evil seed; yet once or twice I thought 'twas sprouting out again. Learn of Mr. Fielding Walter—study your own nature—harden the weak points—give yourself to that charity that vaunteth not, neither condemneth—That's the true philosophy—Ah child there was one among us highly gifted, for she followed the great Master—the poor and lowly were her best-loved brethren—Truly *she* was Humble-mind."

The re-entrance of Berga interrupted us: she approached me by a march more than usually methodical; absorbed by the story I had heard I scarcely noticed the *Fräulein*, until a gradual bending of the little figure augured a prostration—To prevent this extraordinary homage I abruptly caught, and held her up.

"*Mein Herr! mein lieber Herr! Herr Walter von Wallenberg!*" stammered the *Fräulein*, half sobbing—This address was followed by a discourse from which I collected, that she had considered us the descendants of Julia Derentsi, but that finding we were Wallenbergs, she transferred to me, as, his successor, the love

and the allegiance accorded to her ancient Lord. In as good German as I could muster, I tried to make her comprehend that the children of Baron Derentsi were before me in succession to this vehement attachment—Berga's "*nein, nein doch,*" was reiterated in a tone of some asperity.—We might have gone on for ever endowing and disclaiming, had not my aunt, guessing at the cause of controversy, arranged the matter simply, by stating, that Baron Derentsi had left no children.

"*Nein Kind, nein Kind, Du Baron Wallenberg, du,*" said Berga, gluing her regards on me, as she enumerated the castles, lands, and forests I was heir to—Then came the list of titles wound up by that of Derentsi.

"No Walter, no," said my aunt, wiping her eyes, "Marion's child is rightful heir of the Derentsi's."

CHAPTER XVII.

“ Child of sad presage and baptized in tears.”

IN my retreat of *Schloss Wallenberg* I resume this memoir. Many years have passed since I commenced it in a far distant, far different, but ever dear location.

A belt of noble forest ground shelters castle Wallenberg on the North and West ; the South is guarded by the mountains of Bohemia ; in front, gardens, fertile pastures, meadows and corn fields, extend far as the eye can reach ; and the broad Elbe, like a potent spirit, rolls through the peaceful banks it enriches and secures.

The aspect of German life, and German mind and manners, had been made familiar to me by Madame Wallenberg; and depressed by retrospections, which, even if I could, I would not banish, I infinitely preferred to the sprightly elegances of lighter circles, the rich, old fashioned, stately objects of my Saxon locale, and the living originals as primitive and stately. I long thought that nothing in revolving time could bring gladness to my heart again. One image set in memory's stronghold threw a shade on my existence. Helen, too, was barely rescued from an early grave. Though married to such a man as Fielding, though fulfilling to the letter that character of wife and mother sketched for his son's partner by Sir William, yet time seemed to administer no balm to her affliction. She would often quit the scene of social pleasures and festivities, struck by some forcible recollection of her sister, and accompany me to the gloomiest forest nook to weep for Marion.

A trying occurrence, the only painful one since our bye-gone tribulations, softened this intense regret. We still talk of Marion as

devotedly, but could a miracle be operated, and she be restored at our call, we would be silent *now*; the wild roses that shed their perfume on her resting-place should not be disturbed; the vestments of the grave should enwrap her rather than the garments of pageantry, and the death-fillet rather than the coronet.

About three years from the transplanting of our little colony I heard accidentally, through a tourist who visited *Schloss Wallenberg*, that Lord Sanford was Marquis Dellival, and was married a second time. I had written to him two years before, when the heat of resentment was mitigated, a cold formal letter, informing him that I held the revenues of the Derentsi estate in trust for my nephew. His reply was constrained and ambiguous, though tempered by a graceful plausibility that might have been esteemed superfluous and out of course in an address to Walter Fitzgerald unknown and untitled. The slim veil of sentiment with which he affected to disguise his real indifference disgusted me. I tore his letter and thought no more of him. But the intelligence of his second marriage restored my half

numbed yearning towards the child of my lost sister. Had I not considered the boy as Lord Sanford's pampered heir, the engrosser of those cares and tendernesses, which, if divided justly, might have saved his mother, he would have occupied an exclusive place in my affections. Now, however, I viewed him in an altered state, unnoticed, slighted, cowering before a haughty step-mother. In this new attachment I saw a cause for the slight allusion made by Lord Sanford to his son, once so vauntingly paraded as the future Marquis Dellival. The jealous throes that choked my kindlier feelings for the child, subsided; he might now be the castaway that I had been—my resolution was taken—a course of serious study under Fielding, had cleared the paths of science, and made me somewhat better qualified for an instructor than I had been under the illusions of my *attic* days. It would dissipate my gloom to become the tutor of my nephew. I would make over to him the inheritance I had destined for him, only on condition that he was surrendered to my adoption. To negotiate this matter I would even give myself

the pain of communicating, personally, with Lord Dellival.

I wrote to Fielding, who was then at his seat in Hertfordshire, unfolding my intentions, but such was my anxiety to get rid of the perpetual hauntings of this unpleasant meeting, that I arrived in England nearly with my letter. The Marquis I discovered was at Dellival house. I proceeded instantly to London; and, pausing only to visit my worthy host of Tower hill, I drove to Portman Square.

A carriage stopped nearly with my own, but in advance. I had a transient glimpse of a Lady, who ran up the steps and disappeared. Quick emotion said at once "It is Marion's successor, the new Marchioness." My feelings were not enviable as I followed the servant through the corridors and picture gallery. I was ushered into, and left alone in an apartment, at sight of which time seemed annihilated. Every circumstance of the interview with my mother was unerringly retraced as if it had occurred the hour before; the very sensations were renewed, intense and overpowering. I fixed my eyes upon the folding doors

which terminated the range, losing in the profoundness of contemplation, even the memory of what had brought me hither.

The servant re-entered. Lord Dellival was engaged, but if half an hour's delay would not incommode—I hastily signified assent, and was again alone.

Harrowing impressions became more vivid every moment—faint echoes of long-gone sounds seemed floating. With a total obliteration of the present, and a vague idea that I was labouring under some illusion which a bold examination would disperse, I walked through the intervening rooms and flung open the folding doors, half expecting to behold the shades of the departed. The first object my eyes rested on was a child seated upon the floor, surrounded by toys, and fondling a tame rabbit. Clusters of radiant hair shaded the boy's face. By that mysterious thrill which recognises secret affinities I knew my nephew, caught him to my heart, and kissed him passionately. A strange, inarticulate, and almost inaudible murmur startled me. I placed him on the couch, and with a shaking hand parted the thick curls.

One look was sufficient—my breath ebbed—I turned away, but the face was before me wherever I turned—that melancholy face! The features were moulded even to the perfection of his mother's, but the forehead retreated fearfully, and the long, dark, silken lashes drooped over eyes which moved slowly round without a ray of meaning.

And thus had terminated the hopes and vanities concentrated in this child. But for one staunch friend the little mindless creature would have been left to the doubtful guardianship of servants, perhaps an object of coarse ribaldry. It is presumptuous to speculate, or to determine by what infringement of positive eternal laws such evils are originated? The mischief was undoubtedly inherent, yet, haply, Lord Sanford's wilfulness had deepened the calamity. Had Marion been indulged in her yearnings for home, had she been nursed by those with whom her loving nature would have had free expansion, this creature, blighted early, might have worn a higher impress.

I hung over the boy, trying to interpret his senseless babble, now and then broken by a

moan. After a while his dumb associate scraped at the bed-pillar impatiently. I took the little animal and laid it by the child, whose moaning ceased upon the instant. Thank Heaven! there was at least the instinct of affection. Hugging close his favorite, with a tranquil sigh he closed his large, melancholy, eyes.

“Blind mortals!” I exclaimed, “we mourned for her, we despaired—Marion, dear Marion!”

“She is where no face of terror can appal her,” said a low, kind, voice; her child is *my* nursling now.”

I drew aside the hangings; the vision of the lady who had preceded me was uppermost in my mind—Miss Berrington then was Marchioness Dellival!

“Am I to address you as my old friend, Walter Fitzgerald, or, as Baron Wallenberg?” said the lady, extending her hand.

“By whatever title you please, Madam,” I replied, stiffly.

She looked surprised, but not more surprised than I felt at the novel emotion which revealed to me the nature of my unnameable sentiment

for Fanny Berrington. I had never ventured to analyze it, persuaded of her indifference; and the sudden development of my attachment piled such a mountain weight upon my heart, that the words were suffocated with which I would have hidden my painful consciousness.

"I heard from Helen yesterday," she resumed; "she prepared me for your arrival, but I little thought to see you here, and less thought I, to see you thus estranged from 'auld acquaintance'."

I tried to put on a more friendly aspect but I could not.

"You are come to deprive me of my little charge I fear," pursued the lady. "At first I loved him for his mother's sake; now I love him for his own." Her eyes filled with tears.

"Oh! Lady Dellival," I cried, half choked by my emotion, "as *you* are his protector I will not withdraw him—he is secure of kindness."

"Lady Dellival!" she repeated with a glance of perturbation—"Lady Dellival!—where?—Hold! do not fatigue yourself with explanation: I can decipher. You had the vanity to think I

had followed your advice, though of olden date, and had exalted myself into Marchioness Delli-val!—How conceited you must be!”

I could as little hide delight as disappointment. I pressed Miss Berrington's unoffered hand so ardently that she withdrew it, asking, with a touch of her former humour, whether I meant to give her a practical definition of that equivocal epithet “*Blarney*,” or whether I mistook her for Miss Philly Horrigan. But her banter did not confuse me; her mortified look had been succeeded by smiles beaming cordiality, yet she must have understood the motive of my coldness.

“Notwithstanding the *characteristic* effrontery evinced in your mistake,” said she, “I am pleased again to admit you within the bounds of our ancient platonism. Your errand indeed is not so grateful.” Her manner changed to deep seriousness. “That child, to others an object of pity or indifference is to me a hal-
lowed creature: his utter helplessness, his irresponsible nature, affect me so deeply, that were I his mother grief for his mournful deficiency would be effaced by the certainty of his beati-

tude. His tendencies, though unguided by reason, are all attaching : love is instinctive ; his tenderness for beings scarcely more irrational than himself, his softness, his docility, are inexpressibly endearing. Poor child ! the homage paid to him was short-lived : the discovery of his misfortune was followed by his total abandonment to menials : he was chidden and corrected by his callous governors, but his mute obedience disarmed even them. I would have written to you had I not determined to act for you and Helen, to be his mother. I learned from your good aunt how sorely you lamented and—I could not torture the bruised spirit. Dear child !”—She kissed the golden hair that lay in clusters on the pillow. “ You will be given up too willingly !—were you the lordly tyrant of a nursery, using your intellect only to gratify arrogance or malice, you would be valued ; but, blameless even as your—” her lip trembled. “ Oh I shall find it difficult to wean my heart from you !”

“ I will not remove the child,” said I, “ unless you be joined with me in his future guardianship. We have known each other long

enough Miss Berrington to feel—friendship on your side perhaps—but on mine unchangeable affection.”

Miss Berrington’s beautiful color was deepened. She raised her brow obliquely as if a jest was gathering, but it instantaneously sank into its former line.

“I will examine into the date and character of my regard for you,” she said, gravely—“Whatever stamp it carries now, it bore the same impression when you were poor; that is, from the time I became thoroughly acquainted with you.”

There was nothing discouraging in this ingenuous reply, but the diffident are prone to doubt. My personal deficiencies became aggravated by a jaundiced introspect—“I knew it was impossible, Miss Berrington, that you could—”

Thus far had I stammered when the opening of a door seasonably broke off a felicitous description of myself. Lord Dellival advanced with an eagerness none could have pronounced affected, bidding me welcome with such cordial

grace that I thought he had mistaken the person of his visitor, and I bluntly said so.

"There is not the serious alteration you imply," he answered, as if misconceiving the scope of my remark. "Taller indeed and somewhat more robust: were I speaking *of* you I should say improved—Ha! Fanny—brilliant as ever! In this emporium of hectics and hollow cheeks how do you preserve that dimpled *teint de rose*?"

"It might be the effect of blushing for your Lordship," said Miss Berrington.

His Lordship promptly bowed, as if acknowledging a compliment. "You will dine with me Walter?—I wish the Marchioness were arrived: I long to introduce her to Miss Berrington."

"Better not my Lord," she answered quietly. "You once gave a proof of exquisite discernment; I would rather preserve to you at least, my good opinion of your taste."

His Lordship bowed lower than before.—
"Oh! you need not apprehend a rival Fanny. *You* to the Marchioness are as the lyric to the

ode—your uncopyable *jeu de visage* secures you.—She might have been my sister-in-law,” he added, carelessly addressing me. “The late Marquis was her suitor just a year ago—but he was treble her age.”

“And yet I would have preferred him to his younger brother,” said Miss Berrington.

“I knew the measure of your esteem for me,” said Lord Dellival, but I did not choose the world should ; therefore—”

“These flippancies are rather out of season,” said Miss Berrington. “From a less polished *étégant* I should have called them impertinences—You,” she added, turning to me, “are, I perceive, tired as I am of this trifling—Lord Dellival at heart is anxious as you are to abridge this interview, notwithstanding his indefatigable levity.”

Miss Berrington was mistaken ; the levity she complained of was to me an unlooked for relief : there was no grimace of sentiment : Lord Dellival was on the scene in his own character : he had avoided reverting to events which would have awakened my shuddering

antipathies ; I felt almost obliged for the good taste of his inimitable assurance—What I had apprehended was the measured step, the solemn caricature of sympathy.—The object of my visit was set forth pointedly, but without those bursts of indignation which hypocrisy would have met—His Lordship's *strong* affection for his first-born, I remarked, might interfere with *future* claims on his paternity ; therefore I would relieve his conscience by adopting my nephew.

Without a symptom of disturbance he replied—"I have just received a letter from Fielding ; he makes the same request."

"But compliance is impossible," added Miss Berrington—"the feelings of a *father* !"

This sarcasm *did* cost Lord Dellival a blush : he stooped to kiss the slumberer, exclaiming—"Poor little fellow ! it is some months since I saw him ; we have but just returned from the continent—How beautiful he looks in repose !—they tell me he is mild and tractable : but—you understand—it was a terrible discovery !—Poor little fellow ! the sight of him

may affect the Marchioness; and change of scene may be of benefit—You will not ask me to part with him for ever?”

Thus did Lord Dellival give up his son, confident of a successor more suited to the bent of his ambition—But he has had no other child; there is no lineal heir to the counterfeits he valued beyond real gems—Time, I understand, is converting his pungent vivacity into the acrimonious petulance of a disappointed man, and it is rumoured that his high-toned wife delights to aggravate his splenetic moods—Does he ever contrast with her, the gentle creature he deserted?—In the pride of the Wallenbergs there was some corrective principle, a sense of the responsibilities of rank, a craving for glory, value for an unsullied name; it was the self-reverence of a stern aristarchy—but the pride of the Dellivals had no lofty aspiration; it was puerile and contemptible, satisfied with the insipid accessories of rank, feeding on servile adulation, and ambitious only of distinction in the ephemeral annals of a vapid aristocracy.

If I omit the course of my wooing and win-

ning Fanny Berrington, it is not because *I* feel it a dull act in my drama, but that I consider love scenes, like love letters, pleasant only to the actual participants, and very impertinent to casual auditors and standers-by.

My wife was an only child, an orphan from her earliest years; therefore no strict local bonds interfered with her migration to our Saxon settlement. To me, the great Metropolis seemed a human wilderness, and Fanny, with an eye and a heart equally alive to the sublime, the common, and the ludicrous, is happy every where. She was received by our elders with cordial approval: she is the only sprightly *adult* member of our circle, but her *vis comica* is under the control of a benevolent spirit, and diffuses a quiet, lasting sunshine.

The aspect of this country, the wild *Sagas* and Tuetonic *Märchen** then rife among the German fiction-hunters, led her back to literature; but, adopting Helen's hint, she wished to exercise her imaginative resources for the advancement of a nobler end than mere amuse-

* Traditionary tales.

ment. Sorrowful occurrences had prevented the revision of Helen's manuscript, and the conclusion of Fanny Berrington's, but my wife now spoke seriously of launching her 'galley and its consort.' One day by accident she lighted on my neglected journal, and, with the usual prompt determination of her sex, made up her mind, without consulting me, that under fair disguise it should go forth as a surveying ship, by favor of which, the more important barks might weather rocks and breakers. It is at her request that I resume my narrative, but unless I am the survivor of our primitive little mountain-band it shall never meet the public eye.

Let no one set limits to the possible—I who once thought myself an isolated being, parted by an insuperable barrier from social blessings, am surrounded by a family of blooming children, and am beloved by the woman most calculated to temper my habitual seriousness and correct my indolence.

Of our Elders we have lost but one, and she was full of years. My aunt and uncle are domesticated in a land which in some of its

scenic features resembles, on a grander scale, our never forgotten glen. Among the little group of prattlers (Fieldings and Fitzgeralds) who rush to our foster parents for blessing and good night, there is one blue-eyed Fay, whose ringlets dance and sparkle with her frolic movements—she always meets a fonder look, a closer pressure—if you ask her name, she lisps out ‘Marion,’ and tosses her merry head proud of the enchantment the name dispenses. Her especial *Rittersmann* is Slauveen. The child is often missed from her companions and found within the leafy grating of some forest tree, listening to the Esquire’s stories of her namesake. She alone was suffered to burden the sunken back of Lanty Maw, for Lanty

“ Lord of park and hill
Was let to wander at his will,”

and had a trusty servant’s sepulture.

The ill-starred child of our adoption, too, attached himself to little Marion with all the force of his instinctive tenderness. She was our first-born, a novel interloper, who soon became the chosen of the dumb associates on

whom he lavished his caresses. When placed beside the infant's cradle he would stroke the velvet cheek, fondle the dimpled hand ; and moan piteously if led away for rest or exercise. Mute objects were his passion, or such as could only utter sounds plaintive as his own ; thence we concluded that Marion's lisping prattle would dissolve the charm ; but the slow developement of infant speech had nothing startling for his timid nature ; the babe's utterance seemed tuned by her affections, it was low and musical ; she would coo her fondness, stretch out her little arms towards the boy, and seem to comprehend his mournful language. It was beautiful to see the girl grow into the protector of her hapless cousin : she was taught to respect his misfortune, and to co-operate with those around her in securing to him all the vegetative happiness of which he was susceptible. No pain or annoyance reached him that Marion could prevent. The office of guide, to which she was elected, made her prematurely cautious : she would never commit him to a path she had not previously explored : she imitated his cadences which fell like a sorrowful lullaby, so

that the children might almost be said to converse together, and though five years younger, she erected herself into the stout repeller of any casual aggression that threatened him.

In spite of his deficiency, his heart-touching aspect made him almost idolized—Small of stature and femininely delicate, his softness seemed a protecting halo shed by the Divinity—The domestics considered him a sanctified creature whom it would be sacrilege to offend—We did not attempt to instruct him, there was no mind to educate; and he scarcely required training, for he was harmless as the doves he used to play with.

Without any discoverable cause the boy declined just as he reached his eleventh year—Helen, Fielding, my wife, our whole household watched him incessantly. Marion seldom left his bed side: her crib was placed near his, and the melancholy tones she had learned of himself were his nightly lullaby—I hope he felt no pain, for he died without a moan, embracing his little nurse; the most uncomplaining spirit that ever took its flight to Heaven!

This event opened old wounds: we do not

confess that we lament, but we feel we do—Our little girl, too young to understand the mercy shewn in the removal of her favorite, cries when she should sleep, and complains that her heart is sore—My wife smothers her own grief, watches her child, and lectures Helen, who sits with our weeping Elders, talking of her sister, and weaving the boy's silken tresses with his mother's.

Fielding, alarmed at his wife's pale face, suggested a temporary change of residence for all of us. He is obliged to return to England, as the term of his annual visit here is expired, and Sir William grumbles: he urged our accompanying him. But to this scheme I felt unquarable repugnance—"Dellival Castle is near Sir William Fielding's country seat: I might meet the Marquis."

"But we shall be safe from that annoyance in Ireland," said my wife, to whom I had expressed this apprehension.

"Ireland!"

"Yes," replied Fanny; "I long to make another flitting, and to get acquainted with the sybil of your diary, Grace McQuillan. Helen

and Fielding will join us in Cork. I shall despatch a peremptory mandate to the only man besides yourself I was fool enough to fall in love with; my *gray* Lothario will do my bidding depend on it. Sir William and our Patriarch, the Fitzgerald, shall be introduced at last; for I intend our Elders should perform a pilgrimage to their ancient shrine.—You shake your head—fear nothing—they have vigor for the journey and inclination too. Your uncle has been growing young ever since the rattle, Fanny Berrington, taught him her philosophy. You are of the class lymphatico-nervous, and view things through a leaden haze—I belong to the sanguineous, and coming events take the *teint de rose*.—Our bairns shall see their father's land; it will restore our little witch. We shall make a twelve-month's tour, and return to our Baronial Halls with some rare exotic—a Bullock or O'Toole. Just signify assent, and our train shall be *en route* within a fortnight."

This project, contrary to my surmises, met universal approbation—the mere mention of it called up irrepressible longings. Helen and my aunt anticipated their meeting with the

lonely tenant of the Sheeling, whom no coaxing could allure from her rock-bound home. Slauveen diverts the grief of little Marion with promises to shew her *real fairy land* and to take her to her namesake's grave.

Berga Schmidt, since the death of our honored Madame Wallenberg, had secluded herself from busy life, but the rumour of a visit to the glen set in motion her nearly sinewless joints. She marched from out her shell, kissed a black crucifix, and vowed a vow to spend the remainder of her days with her *lieber freund* Grace McQuillan, the only one from whom the story of her young affections for the Patagonian martyr had drawn tears. Fanny brightens these melancholy pictures with sketches of Bullocks and O'Tooles, with whom she bargains we must spend a third of our Irish flitting; and Philip Nabbs, my lady's favorite page, his eyes dancing with the fervency of national fun, capers in the 'broidery room to the grave disquiet of the loom-maidens.—In reply to their dignified rebukes, Phil assures them, that the Saxon girls are “nothin’ so

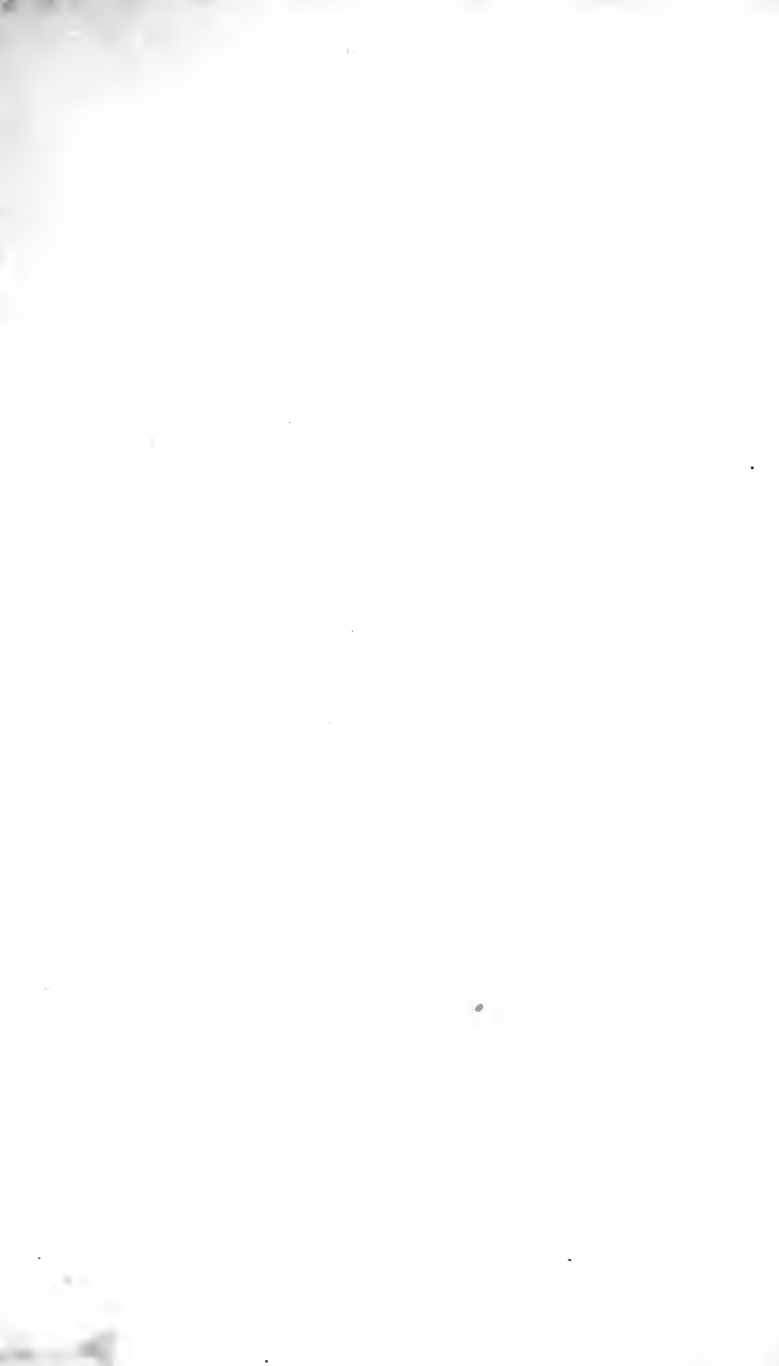
limber as the girls o' Cork," and worries them with wonderin whether "the turnkey thief be dead an' Breesthough be alive."

All is ready for our pilgrimage—The body of my nephew is embalmed; he shall be laid beside his mother—Will my heart leap 'as it did once at sight of my poor country?

THE END.

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